

The Nation.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 207.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1869.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM
TWELVE CENTS PER COPY

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ADDRESS, PUBLISHER OF "THE NATION," BOX 6732, NEW YORK.
PUBLISHING OFFICE, 3 PARK PLACE.

The Week.

THE reports that some of the Pennsylvanian politicians, including Messrs. Curtin, Cameron, and Forney, were going to get up an *Alabama* "issue" for use in the fall elections, which have been rife for a week or two, have as yet received no confirmation from any overt act of the suspected parties. If they seriously entertained the idea of dragging the Republican party into preparations for a foreign war, and there is little doubt they did, the reception the scheme has met with from the press has hardly been of a nature to encourage them. A foreign war, to keep a particular set of politicians on their feet, is a device a trifle too mediæval in its morality for the kind of people of whom the main body of the Republican party is composed. It was confidently expected that the first blast of the trumpet would be blown by Mr. Curtin, in reply to the addresses presented to him by his friends prior to his departure for his post at St. Petersburg; but he has delivered a pair of farewell speeches without the slightest allusion to foreign politics. This reticence is, we are sorry to say, ascribed by some of the Washington correspondents to an advisory note from Mr. Fish, requesting (in substance) the Minister to Russia to attend to his own business, and not embarrass the Minister to England in the conduct of important negotiations by denunciatory and warlike harangues. It would be unfair to abuse Mr. Curtin for speeches he never delivered; but it is safe to say that, if he intended to beguile his journey to his post by public attacks on powers with which we are at peace, it would have been very proper of Mr. Fish to impose silence on him. Whenever our diplomatic service is properly organized, a minister who takes the stump for war, or announces his intention of doing so, after receiving his commission, will be promptly dismissed, as a person having too little sense and discretion for civilized diplomacy. European nations, with whom nearly all our diplomatic intercourse is conducted—and we may say the same thing of China and Japan—do not understand the total absence of any feeling of responsibility for what they say about foreign nations which many of our high functionaries display, and even affect. This is simply an illustration of their general backwardness; but then, as we have to dwell on the same planet with them, treat, fight, and trade with them, we ought to adapt our style of doing business to their feeble intelligence.

A breach of propriety nearly as great as that which Mr. Curtin was accused of meditating was reported the other day about Consul Morse, of London. This gentleman was accused in the usual style, by the

London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, of "sympathizing" with the Confederacy, or with Andrew Johnson, or the anti-impeachers, or with somebody or something of an objectionable nature, and was denounced in the columns of that paper accordingly. So Consul Morse goes hat in hand to the correspondent, explains himself and excuses himself, and finally makes it all right with that functionary, who accordingly publishes an acquittal of the culprit, which we suppose few people, who did not laugh over it, read without blushing at the thought that any American official should be allowed to subject himself publicly to such ridiculous humiliation without being promptly sent about his business by his superiors. The discipline of no service can be in a healthy condition in which officers stand in terror of any fluent young person sent out by "a great daily" to survey the earth for its columns. What this practice may lead to, if not promptly resisted both by the foreign agents of the Government and by the State Department, we have had a useful illustration of in the McCracken case. The Department ought either to pay no attention to charges made by newspaper correspondents, or other rovers, against consuls or ministers, or else make it a rule that they shall address their defence to the Secretary, and not to their accusers. We hope Mr. Fish has by this time given Consul Morse a piece of his mind on the subject. This sort of subservience once begun, there will be no end to it; and our foreign representatives will pass all their time on their knees one day before the emissary of the *Tom-tom*, and the next before an emissary of the *Hammer and Tongue*; and these personages, once made conscious of their power, are not the men to be sparing in the use of it.

If political affairs were transacted *in vacuo*, the St. Louis *Republican* might well enough wonder how cooler people than the Border State men could have tranquilly looked on for two or three years after the war, and seen without grief the proscriptive and violent course which the Unionists of Tennessee and Missouri, for instance, pursued towards the late rebels. But the Tennesseans and Missourians are men of like passions with ourselves, and politics is a practical business, and things out of season to-day are in season to-morrow; and it was thinking of these facts that the *Nation* declined to condemn the Brownlow men and the Fletcher men of '65, '66, and '67. A policy of lenity could then, we believe, have been as little borne by the one side as the other. We believe, for example, that within the last year or two Mr. B. F. Perry has learned some things that would help him materially to make a useful member of the Legislature in South Carolina, and we believe that it would have been all the better for South Carolina if he could have been kept in perfect quiet during all of 1864 and the succeeding three or four years. So far as our information extends, we have now, at last, a right to be glad that the disfranchising and disabling policy gives signs of coming to an end; probably it is now the mother of more evil than good. In Tennessee, the contest becomes more exciting, as the rival candidates are stumping the State together—shaking hands on the platform before each speech, and then in turn covering each other with mud of all description. Stokes does not yet adopt the doctrine of immediate enfranchisement for the disfranchised, but Senter has adopted it, and the reason seems a plain one. The singular report is current that Mr. Johnson and Mr. Brownlow have made a treaty, under which the ex-President is to go to the Senate, and Senter is to have Johnson's assistance in the gubernatorial fight. Anything in this way is believable of either "the Parson" or "Andy;" their raving and cursing and calling names at each other was never anything more than the familiar Southwestern walking round an antagonist and "cussing"

of him "into a heap" before "clinging." In Virginia, affairs are said to look favorable to Walker, the Conservative Republican candidate; but nobody seems to know.

There is some satisfaction in knowing that Attorney-General Hoar's recent decision as to the authority of military commanders in Texas applies also to Mississippi; and that Colonel E. M. Yerger will probably be tried by a military commission for his murder of Colonel Crane the other day in Jackson. Crane was mayor of the city, and made an official order that a piano of Yerger's should be sold for taxes long in arrears. Yerger returned from Memphis eight days before the sale was to take place, and began sending messages to Crane to the effect that he desired the mayor to divest himself of his official character and walk out into the street, and, meeting him shortly after in a bank, murdered him with a knife in a most brutal way. Yerger is one of the crew of drunken ruffians who infested every Southern city before the war, and who were pleasantly spoken of by their neighbors and the local press, whom they kept in a state of mortal terror, as "high-toned gentlemen." In any civilized community, they would have passed most of their waking hours in some useful form of hard but involuntary labor in a penal institution; but the South was actually proud of them, and treated them as sacred animals. In speaking of this case, one of the Jackson papers disclaims all responsibility for it on behalf of "our people," but our people cannot get off in that way. There is no Yerger at the South for whom the South is not responsible, and for the reason that it never, or hardly ever, hanged its blackguards when they stabbed or shot people. We believe a conviction for murder in any case in which the affair was preceded by a quarrel, or appeared to grow out of a previous "difficulty," was unknown. The "law-abiding citizens" were so much occupied in running off Abolitionists and looking after naughty Abolitionist books that the cut-throats enjoyed practical impunity. We hope the court-martial and the President will now afford the citizens of Jackson the most improving and moral spectacle of the kind they probably ever beheld—an incorrigible ruffian brought to the gallows for a cowardly murder. A similar opportunity may never again offer itself.

A process is now going on in the Treasury Department to which we think the attention of all friends of morality as well as of good government ought to be directed. A Mr. Jackson, a Western lawyer in good practice and excellent standing, and a Republican from the formation of the party to the present hour, threw up his business in 1861 and entered the army. From that moment till August, 1864, he was constantly in the field and constantly at the front. His health was by this time utterly broken down, and he came home a wreck, to find his business broken up, his partner gone to Congress, and, what was worse, with his brain affected, as the sequela of disease contracted in service, and he was for two years an inmate of the lunatic asylum. Issuing from this in 1866, a return to the bar was, of course, out of the question, and a number of friends, who admired him, procured his appointment in the Treasury Department, in the Auditor's Bureau. He here displayed extraordinary ability as an examiner of claims, and was rapidly promoted from the first to the second and third class, and was promised, in April, 1868, the first vacancy in the fourth. In April, 1869, immediately after Mr. Boutwell's advent, he was dismissed peremptorily—the reason assigned being that he "had been appointed under Johnson, and endorsed by Democrats, and was intimate with Judge Woodward (of Pennsylvania) and Mr. C. Denison"—these two gentlemen having, with Judge Grier, of the Supreme Court, signed his testimonial, and being, we suppose, whatever their political opinions may be, abundantly qualified to say whether a man was honest and capable. Here, however, came the hitch, and here appears the real beauty or atrocity—whichever one pleases to call it—of the whole transaction. Mr. Stetson, the head of Mr. Jackson's bureau, at once announced to the Third Auditor that his (Jackson's) services were indispensable, and that his departure would paralyze the business of the office. So Jackson was retained, and two young men were put in along with him to

learn the business from this broken-down soldier, with the view, as soon as they have acquired it, of taking his place and taking the bread from his mouth, and turning him out on the world. This process is actually to be witnessed this moment at Washington, and will be on view till next April, as it is calculated that it will take a year for the two young men to become fit for Jackson's post.

Here we see a Republican soldier, disabled for the duties of his profession by hardships incurred in the face of the enemy, and who had in the civil service given the highest proofs of capacity, deliberately dismissed from his place because American gentlemen of the highest character and standing, but of an opposite political party, had testified to his moral worth and intellectual ability; and this is done under the superintendence and on the responsibility of a professedly "moral" politician from Massachusetts, who is popularly supposed to be reforming the Treasury Department, and who, as politicians go, is really a man of high character and considerable ability. A better illustration of the iniquity of the system of appointment and promotion was never afforded, and we have not touched upon it till we had satisfied ourselves as to the facts by careful enquiry. The downright inhumanity displayed in keeping a poor man in prolonged agony and anxiety for a year, teaching the persons who are to supersede him, is bad enough; but what shall we say of the deliberate employment at the very financial headquarters of three persons, two of them wholly incompetent to do the work of one?

We have been accused by a great many well-meaning people of "being too hard on Mr. Boutwell;" and we had a day or two ago in the *Sun* an affecting editorial article, showing that he is "a man with a heart," inasmuch as, happening to be on the spot the other day when the accident occurred at Annapolis Junction, "he interested himself in the care of the wounded" in spite of "his grave cares" touching the national finances. We have opposed his appointment simply because he was a thorough-bred politician of the old school, and we therefore felt able to deduce the probable occurrence of such cases as this of Jackson's from his career and antecedents with all but certainty. After thirty years of caucus, wires, and stump, a man could not be a real administrative reformer. The stuff of a reformer has gone out of him. "Fidelity" and "claims" have entered into the very marrow of his bones; and though he may remain, as Mr. Boutwell is, a remarkably good specimen of a class, he cannot do the work this generation will have to do if the Government is to be saved. It would be hard to say what moral obligation, or rule of decency or expediency, is not violated in this Jackson case.

Considering that so much shooting by women is going on in the country, and that the feminine world no less than the masculine is liable to moral epidemics, and that women who edit papers are urging other women to carry fire-arms for their defence, perhaps our male legislators may look about them and see if anything can be done to hedge about the virtue of women with legal terrors. We observe that the Canadian Parliament—moved, possibly, by the late notorious seduction case in Quebec, with its consequent homicide—has recently been giving some attention to a bill for the protection of female chastity. The crime is made a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment for any less term than two years, with or without hard labor, and accompanied by a greater or less fine, as the court may see fit. Should the bill pass, this latitude of award which it allows to judges will probably make convictions more frequent than they would be if the penalty were more rigidly defined, or than they would be if it were heavier—death, for example, as some of the women think it should be. It is further provided that the subsequent marriage of the parties to the misdemeanor may be pleaded in bar of conviction, and that is a provision which, on the whole, ought, we think, to be enacted. For in cases of seduction it is not as it is in cases of rape. The ravisher is presumably a murderous ruffian or a wretched man of passions so ab-

normally developed as to make him a lunatic, and, as either the one or the other, society must shut him up, and cannot safely postpone considerations of the general safety to considerations of his victim's "good name." But that the new bill would be conspicuously successful in operation is doubtful. It ordains as to evidence that "no conviction shall be had on the testimony of the woman seduced unsupported by other evidence." This clause would make the act of no avail in the worst class of cases—those in which the woman is affectionate and inexperienced. However, juries might be relied upon with considerable confidence to allow greater or less weight to indirect and circumstantial evidence, according as it should seem best to them, as men acquainted with the parties and the facts, as usually they would be, and practically justice would not suffer so much as might be expected. It will be remarked that the bill looks on the man as alone guilty; but it would be better to say that it contemplated him as the only one of the guilty pair whom the law needs to deal with. The fate of the seduced woman is hard enough, even if the courts leave her alone; and the women who seduce are rare, and the pure hearts they break and the promising lives they injure are even rarer.

There is no fresh news about Cuba, or about Spain, except that President Juarez has been strongly eulogized by Prim in the Cortes, and the early reopening of diplomatic relations with Mexico promised, in spite of the fact that Juarez has been granting belligerency to the Cubans. Cuba itself is in a curious condition, the volunteers ruling the island, *vice* Dulce resigned, and pending the arrival of Rodas, who is on his way out. All the news received of the American filibustering parties is unfavorable, one of them having been, according to one story, betrayed by its guide, and easily destroyed by the Spaniards. From the others we hear nothing, and indeed the rebels appear to be making no movement. Cespedes is busy with the construction of a civil government, but there is, we regret to say, a strangely unreal air about such specimens of his work as we have seen thus far described on paper. In fact, little has as yet occurred to remove the suspicion which has long been current, that the revolutionists keep up just enough rebellion, and are showing just enough civil government, to support the efforts which their friends here are making for recognition, or aid, or something. We are glad to see that their hearty friend, the *Sun*, counsels the well-dressed Cuban patriots, who now abound in this city, to go to the island and serve there at the bloody and uncomfortable front. We threw out hints of the same kind long ago, well knowing they would be unpalatable, because it must be admitted by every candid man that it is a vast deal pleasanter to meet the hated Spaniard in and about Union Square with your tailor on one flank, your washerwoman on the other, and Delmonico's in your rear, than to meet him on a hillside in the insurrectionary districts.

In the North German Federation, the rejection of the new taxes proposed by the Prussian Government, by an overwhelming majority of the Reichstag, is still the all-absorbing topic of the day. The hostile vote, made up as it was of members of all parties, forms the most stunning defeat the ruling powers have sustained since the inauguration of the new order of things in 1866. Both Count Bismarck and the Prussian Minister of Finance exhibited a singular weakness in their advocacy of the tax-measures. The speeches of the former were distinguished by a more than ordinary admixture of indiscretion and sophistry, so that even his usual "bluff-game," which seems to have grown into a regular habit with him, proved for once of no avail. His financial associate was fully convicted of indefiniteness, and vacillation of purpose, and general incompetency, by Herr Loewe, the leading speaker of the Opposition. In any other country making pretence to constitutional rule, a similar discomfiture of the Government would have resulted in a ministerial crisis. But, though rumors prevailed at Berlin for some days after the decisive vote of an impending change in the Ministry of Finance, there seems to be not the least probability of a deviation in the present case from the traditional practice of the Prussian monarchs, to cover their immediate advisers with the shield of

their own irresponsibility. Count Bismarck, to be sure, in the course of the debate, made use of his habitual threat to resign in case the Reichstag refused to vote the new taxes. But, though defied by Herr Loewe to carry it out for once, there is as yet no indication of his immediate retirement from public life. Still, if we are to believe a correspondent of the *Herald*, who "interviewed" him after his defeat, the Count is so thoroughly disgusted with the unrelenting hostility of the Opposition elements in the Reichstag that he will certainly withdraw from the public service next fall, unless the North German law-makers become more pliant. We regard the freedom with which he seems to have unbosomed himself to the aforesaid correspondent as certainly an unpromising symptom of his state of mind.

Of even greater importance than the crisis in the North German Reichstag, is the result of the recent elections for the Lower Chamber of Bavaria. It furnishes unmistakable proof of the steady progress the cause of national unity is making in Southern Germany, notwithstanding the illiberal policy of the rulers of the Northern Federation, and the desperate efforts of the Ultramontane and radical democratic parties to foster the old popular prejudices against Prussia. The party in favor of political union with the North, it is true, did not achieve an absolute triumph; but its relative success was even more decided than that of the Opposition in France. Out of 154 deputies it elected 56, against 78 of the Ultramontane or reactionary party and 19 belonging to the faction in favor of maintaining the present unsatisfactory relations to the North. In the last Chamber the national party had hardly any voice. As in France, the cities and larger towns, almost without exception, voted largely against the reactionists and stand-still party, while the ignorant peasantry in the older provinces voted the other way. Even Munich, the most Catholic city in Germany, and until recently a stronghold of Ultramontanism, returned progressive members from every district. The result of the Bavarian elections, in which party lines were more distinctly drawn than ever before, will go far towards hastening the inevitable political unification of Germany.

The excitement in England over the Irish Church Bill is intense, and has been brought to white heat by the appearance of resistance on the part of the Lords. Under the influence of this, the Orangemen of the North of Ireland have been holding large meetings, the numbers of which the reporters have probably magnified twofold, at which the measure and its supporters were furiously denounced. The Tory Lords seem to have been very brave at the outset, and the extreme Radicals had begun to rub their hands with glee over the prospect of seeing "the last hereditary chamber in Europe" rushing into the jaws of destruction. The moderate men of both parties, however, seem to have been perfectly aware of the nature of the crisis; and the *Times* has been awfully warning the Upper House day after day of the folly and danger of even talking of resistance. At the latest dates, wiser counsels seem to prevail, and the bill will be read a second time and then amended, so as to take the sting out of it, if possible—that is, save as much property as possible for the Church. This is the course which finds favor with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and probably with the rest of the bishops, who on this subject find themselves in an exceedingly delicate position. They are hardly strong enough to offer to bear the burdens of the Irish Church, and yet, if they vote for its disestablishment, they expose the flank of the English Church establishment to the enemy. They have on their side, however, as indeed the Irish Church has too, the thorough sympathy which every Englishman feels with a man who has a good thing, and does not want to give it up. There is probably no Englishman who does not frankly acknowledge, either to himself or to his wife, that if he were Archbishop of Canterbury or of Armagh, he would support the connection of church and state, and the sanctity and perpetuity of ecclesiastical endowments, as long as there was a breath in his body. This ability to put one's self in the place of well-to-do persons, and "fancy their feelings," is perhaps the most powerful support the established order of things possesses in England.

THE MANUFACTURE OF "ISSUES."

If there be anything which the political experience of the United States has taught clearly, it is that political parties are produced by the spread amongst large bodies of the people of certain ideas capable of being clothed in legislation; that the spread of ideas capable of furnishing vitality to a party is generally slow, and the result of great labor and of a combination of favoring circumstances; and that, once they have spread sufficiently, the party comes into existence of itself, just as naturally as the corn sprouts after the seed is sown; and that, after the party is formed, it is impossible to use it in the service of any idea except the one which created it; and that, when this idea has triumphed, the party dissolves into its primitive elements and another springs up to take its place. One would naturally suppose that all this was perfectly familiar to every student of political history, and particularly of the political history of this country, and yet it sometimes seems as if even old politicians were quite unconscious of it. There is hardly one of them who is not, at some time or other in his career, seized with a crazy notion that he can make a party himself with a little help from a few friends, if he can only get hold of a good popular "issue" and get it adopted by some caucus of his moulding. Every party which has existed in this country, and made even a respectable show at the polls—Federal, Democratic, Whig, Know-Nothing, and Republican—has been based on a powerful idea, which had grown up gradually in the popular brain, under pressure of external circumstances, or had been bequeathed to it by former generations; but it would have been as impossible to say where or when it originated as to say whence comes the wind or whither it goes. The rise and progress of ideas is, in short, one of the historian's greatest puzzles, and will always remain so. But among the curious episodes in the history of all these parties have been the attempts of knots of politicians either to engraft something of their own invention on the party policy, or else to prolong the existence of the party after it had done its work by some bitters or other stimulant of their own concoction, or else to tempt it to turn aside from its appointed path by stories of hidden treasure in distant mountains. The usual result of these attempts has either been ridiculous failure from the outset—like Messrs. Johnson and Seward's Philadelphia Convention in 1865—or the production of a comical little puppet like the Bell and Everett movement of 1860, or the Butler repudiation movement in 1867.

It seems not at all unlikely that we shall witness something of the same kind during the coming fall. It is casting no extraordinary discredit on the Republican party to say that ever since 1865 it has been losing its hold on the popular affection. It had a very difficult work to do in reconstruction, and one for which the experience of the war had hardly fitted its leaders, and which, from its very nature, was sure to damage the reputation of any party which undertook it. It was enabled to carry it out successfully solely owing to Andrew Johnson's folly and the South's obstinacy and stupidity. How deeply the leaders felt the importance of Johnson's folly to the party was well shown by the frantic efforts made by them and by the party papers to magnify his "crimes" and the gravity of the impeachment trial. In addition to this, the party has had the spending for eight years of enormous sums of money, and has been forced to collect and disburse it without any adequate administrative machinery. The consequence, and the inevitable consequence, has been not only that the party has had to shoulder the responsibility of great abuses, but has had to witness the accession to its ranks of a prodigious number of knaves and adventurers, and to bear the burden of their "loyalty" and "soundness" while entirely unable to put a stop to their plundering and peculating. Some allowance, too, in investigating the causes of the decline of the party in popular estimation must, of course, be made for the weariness of any party which has been long in power which inevitably comes over the public before many years. Many people forget the misdeeds of the Opposition, are constantly fretted by the faults of the Administration, and gradually work themselves first into a belief that any change would be for the better, and then into a determination to have a change of some kind at any cost.

The party was, therefore, in a somewhat sorry plight at the ap-

proach of the Presidential election; and if it had made up its mind to discard Grant, and Democrats had made up their minds to take Chase, there is, we believe, little doubt in the minds of careful observers that it would have gone to pieces. Here the folly of the Opposition, combined with the energetic action of the sensible men at the Chicago Convention, postponed the evil day. As it was, Grant may be said to have achieved a respectable victory only by the peculiarities of the elective machinery. Had he been dependent on a direct popular vote, he would have barely escaped defeat. The history of his administration thus far has certainly not been of a character to give the party a new hold on the popular confidence. Indeed, its warmest friends have been forced almost from the first to act on the defensive—to devote themselves, in fact, mainly to the work of proving, not that it has established new claims to popular gratitude, but that it has done nothing to earn popular distrust.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, that the hack politicians, whose presence in its ranks and use of its machinery for their own ends have brought so much discredit on it, should once more begin to feel anxious, and cast about for some means of rekindling the popular enthusiasm in its behalf or procuring a renewal of its lease of power. What is wonderful is that they—not being by any means, in the ordinary sense of the word, fools—should fancy that they can, by holding a meeting and raising a banner, get people to follow them wherever they choose to lead; and what is most wonderful of all is that it is Pennsylvania politicians who should put themselves in the forefront of the new movement. We suppose there is no body of persons so profoundly distrustful by all that is best in the Republican party, or who would find it more difficult to get people to adopt any policy which was likely to give them more money to spend or places to fill.

THE SOCIAL FUTURE AS FORESHADOWED BY THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

PROBABLY few political events of the last forty years have taken people more completely by surprise than the result of the late elections in France, and it furnishes one more illustration of the difficulty of judging of the exact force and direction of political and social tendencies in a country in which neither the press nor the platform is free. There were several reasons, apparently very good, for believing that moderate liberalism had been making good progress ever since the *coup d'état*, and that it had at last been accepted by Frenchmen of all classes as the only road to salvation. One was the character of the handful of Opposition deputies. They were, except M. Thiers, all radical enough, but they were not socialists, and were reformers of the experimental school—ready to take what they could get, and wait patiently for more, and trust to discussion to secure it. They accepted the Empire as a disagreeable fact—but an accomplished fact, to be made the best of, at least for the present, lest a worse thing should follow any violent attempt to get rid of it. Acting on this plan, they appeared to be successful not simply in keeping up a fair show of healthy political life in France, but in winning the masses into adhesion to their plan of operations. They were returned in 1857, and again in 1863, without opposition and with reinforcements, and apparently with cordial approval, and there was no doubt that they were politicians of whom any country might be proud. Their parliamentary tactics had been as skilful and effective as the constitution they fought under would permit; and finer displays of parliamentary eloquence than Favre and Simon—to say nothing of Thiers, who is on some points a conservative of a worn-out type—have afforded, the annals of no parliamentary body can supply. Though last, not least, they have extracted concessions from the Cesarists which, though not very great in themselves, seen from any country really free, were truly wonderful considering the nature and origin of the government with which they had to contend. Nevertheless, it turns out now that, in spite of their ten years of labor, the democracy is utterly disgusted with them, and will no more of them. Many of them have been defeated by men never heard of in politics till yesterday, and others have only escaped defeat by a hairbreadth. Nothing can better illustrate the state of popular feeling toward them than the fact that Jules Favre, the glory of the French bar, and who to his forensic fame has added

that of being one of the most patriotic, intrepid, astute, and untiring friends the cause of free government has ever had, has had to fight for his life with Rochefort of the *Lanterne*, a smart Bohemian, who came to the surface a year ago, and whose whole political stock-in-trade consists in his ability to express intense hatred of the government in stinging and epigrammatic personalities. In short, it appears that the radical democracy out-of-doors, so far from being satisfied with the tactics of the Opposition, is disgusted with them for having been, to use M. de Mazade's language, "too moderate, too parliamentary; for not having entered the Corps Législatif in the spirit of conquerors, and put everything to sack and pillage from the first moment."

One other reason for believing that moderate liberalism was in the ascendant in France was the eagerness with which the more intelligent French workmen have, during the last twenty years, turned towards co-operation as the best solution of the labor problem. The spread of the co-operative movement has, in fact, been during all that period the most marked feature of French industrial life; and though the result as compared with the size of the class it was intended to benefit was but trifling, it was great enough to warrant the belief that faith in socialism, as a remedy for existing social ills, was either dead or was confined to the lowest and most ignorant grades of French workmen. Great efforts, too, have of late years been made both by the Government and the educated classes of society to diffuse economical instruction, by means of lectures and pamphlets. Lecturers of ability have been for some time past sent through the provinces to discuss the various social problems of the day from the politico-economical point of view, and the discourses have been generally well attended by the very class they sought to reach.

Lastly, it was believed that the iron-handed restrictiveness of the Empire, its enormous cost, and the terrible mistakes it has committed during the last seven years—mistakes which, in spite of the size of its armaments, have brought far greater humiliations on France than the much-abused peace policy of Louis Philippe in its very worst days—and the growing perception of the uncertainty, and therefore insecurity, of all personal governments, coupled with the failure of the "social and democratic republic," were all telling in favor of the constitutional system, as it is now generally called—that is, of government based upon popular representation, freedom of speech, popular education, free competition in trade and industry, and complete popular control of the national policy at home and abroad.

The elections have made it quite clear that all these beliefs have been mistaken; that all the gains made amongst the French voters during the last ten years have been made by the party which aims not at political reform but at some kind of social reform involving a distribution of property by other than the existing machinery. The radical democracy in France evidently does not care for the victories such men as Prévost-Paradol and Jules Favre sought to win. They do not attach much importance to parliamentary government, or free speech, or ministerial responsibility, unless they are accompanied by an arrangement by which the results of labor shall be diffused through the community in artificial channels, created and kept in order by legislation, and not through channels created by individual freedom or differences in individual intelligence. This is really the kernel of the labor question as French workmen understand it, and there would seem to be little doubt that they look at it as the working-classes in most countries are coming to look at it, and are seeking to deal with it as the working-classes in all countries in which the suffrage is universal will eventually seek to deal with it. Even if France did not play the prominent part in the world she does play, the fact that, in spite of the great decline in her political influence since 1848, the remarkable intelligence of her workmen makes her still a social propagandist of the first order, gives the late election an importance for foreigners which its mere influence on the Napoleonic dynasty could never give it. It indicates pretty clearly what many calm observers have long believed, that the principle of universal suffrage in countries largely manufacturing—that is, in which the great centres of population are filled by operatives, living by wages, and amongst whom most of the political activity of the community is sure to be found—will be followed by a movement which neither governmental

coercion nor capitalist argumentation will be able to defeat, though it may retard it, towards the trial of experiments having for their object to secure to the laborer by law the things he now seeks to obtain by strikes—that is, no matter by what name it may be called, a legislative division of profits between labor and capital. The Frenchman wants the government to employ him at higher wages than he can wring from the capitalist; the American wants the hours of work cut down, without any reduction of wages; and the Englishman wants legal support for the ordinances of the trades unions; but all in reality seek the same thing in the end. They want a new social order, in which men shall not only be equal before the law, but shall be nearly equal in their style of living and means of enjoyment; and for the idol of the seventeenth century, for political liberty as the Sidneys and Russells and Hampdens understood it, and as the Thiers and Prévost-Paradols now understand it, they care little or nothing; in fact, they treat it as a capitalist toy with which they are not going to be amused any longer.

It seems very doubtful, too, whether any amount of talk or teaching of doctrine will have any immediate effect in counteracting this movement. One of the misfortunes connected with "culture" as an enlightening agency is that to acquire it as it has to be acquired now in every country, a man has to have more or less accumulated capital at his back—which is another way of saying that ninety-nine out of every hundred men of cultivation belong to, or are connected with, the capitalist class; and it is this class which has, like all other sciences, built up the science of political economy; and political economy is therefore suspected by the working-classes everywhere of being an ingenious device of the well-to-do people to provide for the justification and perpetuation of their usurpation and tyranny. Consequently its teachings have produced almost no effect on the class into whose hands the political power of the civilized world is now passing, and they reply coldly to sermons about the relations of wages and capital, and the importance of free competition, by announcements that they have heard enough of these theories; that they are now going to try others of their own, under which poverty will be treated as an evil wholly artificial and therefore unnecessary.

It is safe to say, therefore, that we have entered on a transition period, of which the "disturbance," as it is called, in the relations of labor and capital which we witness all over the world only marks the opening, and which will hardly end without producing profound social and political convulsions. How or when it will end will depend altogether on the vigor, the courage, and the power with which the work of teaching and discussion is done by those who are now in possession of the higher kinds of knowledge. If workingmen are going to govern the world, either they, or their children, or persons drawn from their own ranks, and in whom they have confidence, must be enabled to get access to the higher instruction in vastly greater numbers than at present. The "poor scholar" must have again opened to him the course which was opened to him in the Middle Ages, but which the modern world denies him. A world governed by such lights as now figure on the platforms of labor conventions would be a world in which it is safe to say civilization of a high order could not last long, and in which the higher ends of human existence could only be very slenderly attained. For civilization is the result of culture, and high culture; and it is based on the old and impregnable truth that reason ought to rule; and the better trained it is, the better it rules. The most pitiful spectacle of the modern world is the attempt so often witnessed of the radical reformers to persuade us that this is a mistake, and that, no matter how near the brute a human being may be as regards the condition of his mind, he is just as well fitted to deal with the most intricate problems of sociology as is the most patient student or investigator.

RAILROADS IN THE LEGISLATURES.

ONE of the last acts of the Legislature of Illinois, which adjourned a short time since, was the passage of a law by which an enormous railroad debt was assumed by the State without any other reason than the one, very good as far as the corporations were concerned, that their credit would be improved by it. There seems to be little doubt that

the nature of the bill was understood clearly; a warning voice was lifted up here and there, as that of the *Chicago Tribune*, for example, but the public, the great tax-paying public, remained apathetic, and the bill passed easily. So, too, in the Legislature of this State, the Erie bill went through a week or two since without opposition enough to have the slightest effect, even on the Governor. And now, in the last days of the Massachusetts General Court, it is understood that one of the most gigantic of "railroad combination" schemes—a scheme which gives two millions to one half-built road, three millions to another not even half-built, and to the rest no one precisely knows how much—that this scheme is going to be hustled through; and yet, though these facts are a matter of general notoriety, the tax-payers of the State are far more interested in the preparations for the Peace Jubilee than in this. The other day, one of the prominent railroad men of Massachusetts testified that he had presented a certain legislator with \$10,000 as hush-money; the fact was published, but it attracted no more attention than the weather reports of the day.

Let us mention another fact connected with the same railroad which this financier represents. The Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad borrowed three millions of the State two years since, and then commissioners of great respectability were appointed by the Governor and Council to superintend the issue of the loan, and to protect the interest of the commonwealth. The railroad, not satisfied with the amount of money thus loaned, comes now for two millions more, and the bill is referred to the Railroad Committee; this committee summons before it the financier to whose legislative liberality we have already alluded, hears what he has to say, and without another scintilla of evidence before it, without summoning either the State Commissioners or any one except this same person, reports a bill which gives five millions instead of three, and abolishes the commission. This is one of the measures which is to pass on the last day of the session. Speeches of fifteen minutes will be allowed. Nay, the public cares so little about the matter that a committee of this very Legislature has just had the audacity to announce that after a careful investigation it has reached the conclusion that there is no such thing in the State as a corrupt influence on the part of the railroads. This amazing report the respectable papers of Boston endorse, and the only prominent journal in Massachusetts which does not follow their lead, the *Springfield Republican*, reaps its reward in accusations that itself is corrupt.

The curious part of all this is that apathy of the public, and especially that poorer part of the public upon whom taxation falls especially hard. That the inhabitants of large cities, most of them either paupers or people of sufficient wealth to make taxation of little consequence, should be indifferent to proceedings which increase by a few millions the annual levies, is perhaps not surprising; but that the agricultural population, the farmers—all of them of moderate means, and cruelly suffering at the hands of any corporation which increases taxation—should meekly permit this sort of imposition to continue, is one of the most singular facts in the record of human inconsistency. If in any of the States from which we have drawn our illustrations a proposal is brought forward to increase the salaries of public officers, as, for instance, those of the judges, the farming population make such an outcry that the attempt has to be abandoned, although all the intelligence of the cities is in its favor. But the most gigantic legislative operations of railroads fail to attract any save an amused attention on the part of this same class.

That this is not necessarily so; that public interest may be aroused to protect itself against the encroachments of corporations, any one may convince himself by turning back the leaves of the history of America forty years to the period of Jackson's administration and the contest over the Bank of the United States. In the light of the general recklessness of to-day, it is refreshing to find that there was a time when a great party made the corrupt influence of corporations the text of some of their best political homilies. All connection of money-making companies with the Government, all superintendence of them by the Government, was denounced by the Democratic party of those days as necessarily leading to corruption in high places and a general demoralization of the public. Once admit the principle of governmental interference in affairs of this nature, and all the safeguards of

liberty were gone. Pictures were drawn of consequences which may be recognized as the actual condition of to-day. There were to be agents—and we have lobbies; there was to be bribery—and we have log-rolling; there was to be unlimited speculation—and we have very little else. Not that we mean to say that these are the consequences of a too lax adherence to the *laissez-faire* theory; but that, whatever the causes are, the facts are patent; and that these very facts, which are now treated by the general public of both parties as of so little interest, are the same facts the apprehension of which forty years since filled half the community with such dread. It may indeed be said that the community which so dreaded the advent of the Fiskes and Lanes and Eldridges was the Democratic party, while now the same organization cares even less about it than its great rival, and if the old foes of governmental interference give up their quarrel, no one else need trouble himself. But we imagine that this line of reasoning about party responsibilities would lead us into a career which might be very easy for the party leaders, but would be terribly unpleasant in the long run for the rank-and-file.

It is inevitable, in fact, that the corruption which is at present so rife should be fastened by common consent upon the party in power. It makes no difference that they can show by instances here and there that the others would be just as bad if they had the reins in their hands. The mass of voters reason, not by facts of inference, but by those of observation; and every new railroad bill which passes a State Legislature is, by those who care anything about it, quietly credited to the account not of the native human tendency to vice, but to the villainous disposition of the dominant party. It is idle to say that this ought not to be so. It is so; and whenever it is not so, one of the surest checks against bad government is removed. The voter may not be able, from a careful study of history, to detect which party is most likely in the long run to protect best the interests which he has at heart; but he can discover without much difficulty that the party in power is or is not doing things which he knows to be iniquitous; and by this discovery he guides his action. Why is it that the Republican party, whose history for ten years has been a perpetual succession of triumphs over all its adversaries, should be as regards popular strength in no better a position to-day than that it occupied when Lincoln was first elected? Without the slightest hesitation, every one admits the reason to be that the corruption which it permits and appears to encourage is in the mind of the intending voter almost as much identified with its general policy as are the enfranchisement of the negro or the payment of the debt. And the intending voter reflects that although he may not bring a better party into power, he can at least do his utmost to turn this one out.

FRANCE.

NAPOLEON III. AND THE SOCIALISTS.

PARIS, May 29, 1869.

SINCE the foundation of the Empire, nothing so grave has occurred in France as these present elections. But it would be to misunderstand their gravity if we were only to attach political importance to them. Here, in Europe, the further advanced any nation is towards the future, the less political it is. In the two leading countries, England and France, pure politics are being left behind, and the problems with which men's minds are busy are social and moral ones. What men are to believe; what is to be their incentive to labor, what their reward for toil; how they are to live in communities where the soil is inadequate to the population; how they are to marry; how they are to be taught; what is to be their relationship to their "neighbor"; what is to constitute capital or fortune, or to regulate wealth—these, and a long list of others of the same kind, are the questions which really occupy the minds of the "million," both in England and in France, and far more as yet in France than in England. The problems of the present hour are social, economical, and moral problems; and this the Emperor Napoleon III. knows, or guesses, perhaps, better than most of the people around him. But here you hit upon one of his greatest difficulties. If you take the trouble to read through the "*Idées Napoléoniennes*," you will soon perceive that the subjects on which the operative classes throughout Europe are busy are those with which the Prisoner of Ham is most familiar; but if, in the course of these studies, you keep before your eyes, as a rule, the old political tone of the European nations, you will also

come to understand that the pure politicians should exclaim, "Why, sure this man is mad!" I say again, here is the difficulty—and a most tremendous one it is. The Emperor and those who surround him, and the masses of what are termed "the country," are playing at cross-purposes. They do not speak the same language or mean the same things.

A large number of educated men (that is, men who have absorbed a given amount of knowledge of various descriptions) are convinced that the Empire is threatened because the Emperor has not granted a sufficiently large sum of political liberty. They are persuaded that things would go better if they—the "educated men"—had a freer chance of attaining to power; if speech and pen might express thought unhindered; and if the policy of France were clearer, nobler, better defined. These men feel the supremest contempt for the so-called social questions, and will not even condescend to examine them. From this point of view, let it be noted that the men who serve the Empire and they who oppose it do, in fact, hold almost identical opinions; and if you were to examine closely M. Rouher and M. Thiers, M. Duruy and M. Favre, you would be astonished to find that *personal* discussions alone divide them—the question of this or that dynasty or of this or that mode of understanding "ministerial responsibility," etc. But if from these men you turn to the genuinely "modern" ones—to Jules Simon, Laurent Pichat, Raspail, and a few more of that sort—then you will see at once where the true divisions lie, and where are the incompatibilities. The absolute incompatibility exists between the *politician* and the *socialist*—nowhere else; and I use the word "socialist" merely as designating the man who believes the social problems are to take precedence now of political ones. A circumstance might occur which should bring into sincere community of action the politicians of the Empire and those of the last two Bourbon monarchies: from M. Guizot and M. Thiers down to M. Forcade la Roquette, all accept certain primordial creeds, and all join together in the same—the exact same—horror of the man of socialistic ideas—the man who has gradually grown out of the modifications of the last twenty years and been influenced by railroads and telegraphs and all the other innovations of modern science. This man is, when energetic, set down as a criminal—as the worst of all criminals; when harmless, regarded as a dreamer or as moonstruck. Now, *this* man it is—the man for whom socialist questions supersede politics—who has shown himself so unexpectedly strong during the recent elections.

The battle has begun already around the chief of the state, and the one thing for which the *entourage* of all shades is fighting is the maintenance of the *status quo*. The Empress and M. Rouher, and M. Forcade and M. de Lavalette and Marshal Niel, all understand what danger it is that threatens; for all have been, at some time or other, taken aback, not to say scandalized, by strange words uttered by Napoleon III., indicating that the writer of the "Idées Napoléoniennes" was not altogether extinct in the Cæsar of the Tuileries. What *all* are just now praying for alike is, that "nothing may be done," nothing touched, nothing altered. For the moment the Emperor listens silently, and seems to be impressed. But the man of the "Idées Napoléoniennes" is more than ever there, and in his sudden reassertion of himself at a given moment lies the danger more dreaded than any other by the Emperor's surroundings. Prince Napoleon sees his imperial cousin perpetually, and his advice is in favor of the largest possible amount of liberties; but Prince Napoleon, though one of the most intelligent men in Europe, is less *avancé* far than Napoleon III. if once he is impelled into the full current of his social and moral theories.

What may happen within the next six months no one can surely foretell; but it would be wise to be prepared for almost anything. Although the Emperor does not proclaim his "dreams" habitually to the world, still it is worth while to read in *Le Peuple* the very day after the elections the curious article by M. Clément Duvernois (a new-made deputy), in which he says: "France cares not one straw for self-government; the reforms she needs can only come to her from a stronger and more concentrated *personal rule*—the Emperor must take to himself *more* authority instead of taking less." M. Clément Duvernois is a man whom the Emperor called to himself some months ago, and by whom he caused the new journal *Le Peuple* to be founded, putting him at the head of it. M. Duvernois has been made a deputy by the Emperor's own personal initiative. It is probable that for some months nothing will be done, and that no change will take place before the autumn; it is even a matter for doubt whether or not the short June session for the *vérification des pouvoirs* will be held. The man who is looked upon as a future minister is Émile Ollivier, unless Prince Napoleon were to accept M. Rouher's position, M. Ollivier being merely Minister of the Interior.

One thing, I fancy, may be regarded as certain, and that is, that all

notion of war is at an end. Last year, a war, according to old traditional practice, might have served to divert the so-called "revolutionary" current. This year, and after *these* elections, it is too late. There is no sense in a war; it would have no meaning; it does not apply. But this again increases the Emperor's difficulties; for, if the old traditional remedies are no longer applicable, *what is to be done?* "Leave things alone," as Lord Melbourne used to say? The time has gone by for that too. In the way of "*doing*" anything, all is dangerous; for new ideas must be worked by new men. As I said before, neither Prince Napoleon nor Émile Ollivier is as *avancé*, socialistically speaking, as Napoleon III. himself; but the Emperor is sixty-two, and far older than his years, and resolution was never a characteristic of his speculative nature. He is wedded to his dreams, but willing enough not to realize them. However, the moment is a critical one, and nothing that the Emperor may suddenly do ought to surprise any one.

Correspondence.

ANGRY LETTER FROM "A SO-CALLED 'JEW.'"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last number of your paper I see a paragraph touching the conversion of Jews to Christianity which appears to have been written a little hastily, and without that full information which you generally seem to possess. You infer a connection between the internal dissensions of the Jews and the prospects of converting them, and you speak of educated Jews coming over to Christianity. Did you ever see an educated Jew who came over to Christianity, or did you ever hear of one? Nominal conversions frequently took place in Germany prior to 1848, for the purpose of escaping oppressive civil disability laws, which, in Prussia, for instance, forbade a Jew from being a college professor, and in Austria even went so far as to limit the number of Jewish families, so that a Jew could not obtain a marriage license until some other *paterfamilias* of that faith made way for him by dying. Now, what inducements has an educated Jew to stultify himself in this country? An educated Jew is pretty much the same kind of being as an educated Christian, and, in seven cases out of ten, is, in matter of religion, a nihilist or materialist, and believes, or disbelieves, in company with Huxley, Büchner, Spencer, or some equally rationalistic philosopher. According to a late assertion of Mr. W. E. Dodge, young American merchants, in selecting the sect with which to affiliate, are mainly influenced by business considerations; such an assertion, coming from a pillar in Israel, is a luminous commentary on the piety of our times.

Now, as to the differences of opinion which prevail among the Jews themselves, it is to be noted that the rationalists or materialists, of whom I have just spoken, hold themselves aloof altogether from the dispute, counting both orthodox and reformers as equally ridiculous and antiquated, and, if required to "give tongue" to their sentiments, would probably say, "A plague o' both the houses." The remaining educated men are animated by a vague, romantic, sentimental, feminine kind of aspiration for a universal brotherhood, and are fit consorts for enthusiasts of the pattern of Mr. Frothingham, while they also furnish the wood of which ardent Freemasons and Odd-Fellows are made. These people are at work refining the religion, whittling away the material surroundings to get at the soul of it, which they confidently expect will turn up sooner or later; and as they wield much flaming rhetoric and are amply provided with the *simulacra* of erudition, they have a large following of good and virtuous and comfortable citizens, who desire above all things to be abreast with the times and in full enjoyment of the modern improvements.

There remains the orthodox party, who, like most conservatives, are guided less by reason than by a healthy instinct, and have enough sagacity to perceive that their only safety consists in standing in the old ways and refusing to budge. They believe that if you allow profane hands to be laid on the most insignificant portion of the edifice, the whole sacred structure is in danger, which is perhaps more true than important.

But if any one supposes that the Christian religion can hope to derive any accessions from these squabbles, he is on the wrong trail. The argument turns on questions of ritual exclusively, and not at all on questions of doctrine; and even if it did, the only cause which could profit would be the cause of intellectual liberty. Yours, hopefully,

A SO-CALLED "JEW."

NEW YORK, June 11, 1869.

[What we said was, "There is a perceptible *débacle* in the Jewish body,

prosperity and freedom everywhere loosening the bonds of the old faith, just as persecution tightened them; but educated Jews who come over to Christianity come over quietly and of their own accord, and dislike notorious conversions or being paraded in public by a missionary as a trophy." What a "so-called Jew" says is, that there is a perceptible *débâcle* in the Jewish body, but that no educated Jews come over in consequence of it to Christianity, either secretly or openly, except for motives of a temporal nature. His assertion, therefore, does not traverse ours, and it is difficult to see where we have betrayed a lack of "full information" on this point, though it is quite possible that we do suffer from it. What we affirm is, that some educated, or at all events wealthy, Jews do come over to Christianity—we know of such cases—for some reason or other; that their disposition to come over is increased by the *débâcle* above-mentioned; and that they dislike to be and are not brought over by missionaries; but touching the reality of their conversion we have nothing to say, and do not profess to know anything. A "so-called Jew," by-the-by, ought to have given chapter and verse for the statement he puts into the mouth of Mr. W. E. Dodge, the accuracy of which we take the liberty of doubting.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN & CO., of Boston, announce a law-book whose title promises a work of which the non-professional student may wish to hear. It is "A Treatise on the Constitutional Limitations which rest upon the Legislative Power of the States of the American Union;" its author is Judge T. M. Cooley, of the Supreme Court of Michigan.—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce Mrs. Mary P. S. Cutts's "Life and Times of the Hon. Wm. Jarvis," her father.—Miss Evans's (Augusta J.) new story is to be called "Inez," and Mr. W. I. Pooley will be the publisher.—Oakley, Mason & Co. have just published a work which we omitted to announce; it is called "The Dance of Modern Society," by Mr. W. C. Wilkinson.—Mr. M. W. Dodd announces as ready immediately his republication of Mr. E. Paxton Hood's "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets," which consists of lectures, illustrated by anecdotes, of every order of pulpit eloquence. A "Juvenile" fit for some older readers is also announced by the same publisher—a book for the season—"Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers," by Jane Gay Fuller.

—Mr. E. Steiger is publishing at 23 Frankfort Street a "Monthly Record of German Literature," in the interest of buyers and readers, with classified price-lists of recent German publications, announcements, book reviews, literary notes, personal items, etc., etc. The first number, though not put forward as a perfect sample, is very readable, and indicates ability in the management. A main object with Mr. Steiger is to foster intellectual activity among the Germans in America—to build up, if possible, a respectable German-American literature, and at least to keep track of the literary productions of the Germans of the United States. It is a question how far this distinctive literature is desirable, and what chances it has of competing with the literature of the Fatherland. German newspapers we have, and perhaps shall always have; and they generally seem to flourish and to be edited well. In Ohio there are upwards of thirty German-and-English public schools; while in Indiana Mr. Steiger is happy to announce the passage of a law authorizing the employment of a German teacher in any school containing twenty-five children whose parents desire them to be instructed in German. Mr. Kapp's historical works are the best, and the best-known, works composed and published in German on this side of the water. His last—a "History of German Emigration to America," which involves the most diligent and laborious research—treats of the Germans in New York in the first volume (already published), and the second will account for the Germans in Pennsylvania and the States south as far as Florida. Mr. Steiger wishes to engage competent writers to complete this history in three divisions, to wit: for Texas; Missouri and the other trans-Mississippi States; Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Other German writers to be mentioned with respect are Carl Knortz, of Wisconsin, and Professor Fritschel, of Iowa—both of whom are preparing works on the North American Indians.

—For five hundred thousand dollars, Mr. E. Leurio, of this city, will sell a manuscript which he cannot afford to give away, and which is not

dear at the price named if Mr. Leurio describes it accurately. It "discloses a beautiful and an unsuspected method in languages spoken and read by millions of our race. It manipulates the formations of the ancient Greek as things of yesterday; shows the mode of formation of the Latin, German, French, English, and other languages; and ushers in the day when it will be no longer necessary to teach a philology which cannot be thoroughly explained." The author says that in this manuscript "five thousand examples are taken indiscriminately from the Greek, Latin, German, French, and English languages, and their very formation rendered as perfectly plain and familiar as if we had made them ourselves." The circular from which we get this information further informs us that when the Philological Convention meets next month, this new method of Mr. Leurio's will be brought to its notice; by Mr. Leurio probably; if, indeed, that gentleman is allowed admission, which may safely be doubted; the modern bear-garden, the "free platform," will hardly find much favor with the linguists. We may say here that there is excellent prospect that the convention will be successful in every way. The 27th of July is the time of meeting, and, as our readers have been told, Poughkeepsie is the place. We hereby make an unconditional denial of the truth of an assertion of ours—made when we first spoke of the convention—to the effect that Poughkeepsie in summer is the hottest of all cities. On better information, we now state that it is really a cool place—as cool a place as any to be found on the Hudson between New York and Albany; that it abounds in shade-trees; that its site is some two hundred feet above the level of the river; that the country on the opposite side of the river gives the spectator a sense of coolness by reason of the forest with which it is covered; that the surrounding landscape is rolling; and that in every way the city and vicinage, while they would perhaps hardly tempt a tourist, are nevertheless most miraculously well suited for the convention's purposes. More than fifty leading professors and linguists have already announced their intention of attending the sessions, and Poughkeepsie holds herself in readiness to offer hospitality to a much greater number of guests. It is desirable for various reasons, we are told, that those gentlemen who think of being present should send their names either to the local committee—of which Mr. C. J. Buckingham, of Poughkeepsie, is chairman—or else to Professor George F. Comfort, of this city. And as in point of numbers, so in point of interest, the convention promises to be successful. The secretary says that papers enough have been prepared—and prepared by competent persons—to occupy fully all of the time of the sessions which is not taken up by the discussion of the selected questions. Everybody will hope that this first meeting may be the first of a great many. And we renew the expression of our hope that some, at least, of the papers read may be published, together with a good report of the discussions, which will be of particular interest to the American educational world. The Erie Railway Company, we are requested to say, will give free return-tickets over their road to all the delegates, and some other roads may be expected to do the same thing.

—While we are speaking of learned gatherings in pleasant places, it is proper to speak of Salem and the "American Association for the Advancement of Science." The ancient metropolis of "Old Essex" is not richer in historic associations than she is beautiful for situation and fair to look upon. The Cape Ann region of Massachusetts is not, to be sure, fit to live in throughout the whole year; a Salem winter and spring, and half of a Salem autumn, would teach any outsider why Salem "old family" people are of such extreme and perilous pride: to say nothing of generations, to be merely an old individual in such an atmosphere seems justifiable ground for thinking much of one's self. But in the month of August, when the very worst heats are over, and the very first cold affects only a small part of even the seaside days, the shores of Massachusetts Bay are much to be liked, as any of the scientific men may see who will try Rockport or Nahant or Manchester or Marblehead at the season when the sky and land and sea have joined forces to make the natives some partial atonement for the rest of the year. At that fortunate time, the innocent stranger may well be delighted; even his heart relents—that of the man who has ballasted his gig with boulders to prevent horse and all from being wafted off the "Gloshter" turnpike by what they call "regular spring weather;" and his who has known "slush" in an Ipswich winter; and his who has felt "pretty hard frost" in Wenham. The Salem people are preparing to entertain at their own houses many of the visitors, for the hotels are few and small; but boarding-houses are numerous enough, and the local committee, who are attending to the lodgings question, desire to know the names of all who intend being present. Of this committee Mr

Henry Wheatland is the chairman. The Permanent Secretary of the Association, Professor Joseph Lovering of Harvard, announces that complete sets of the "Proceedings" may be had of him in Cambridge, and that a volume of "Chicago Proceedings" will be ready in August. The eighteenth day of that month is the day when the session begins. A special circular from Mr. Edwin Bicknell informs us that in making arrangements for the meeting of the Association, the local committee, in order to give encouragement to the general and increasing interest in the use of the microscope, have decided to furnish rooms for the display and comparison of microscopes, objectives, accessory apparatus of all kinds, test objects, and objects of scientific and popular interest; and that it is intended to have as complete a collection as possible of instruments of both American and foreign manufacture. Those, then, who are possessed of microscope stands, objectives, or accessory apparatus in any way remarkable for excellence of performance or design, are requested to bring them to the meeting.

—The Boston Reform League, to whose inception and purposes we have already alluded, has got practically to work in a way already tried with success in the conflict with repudiation by the New England Loyal Publication Society, and, earlier still, by the Loyal Leagues of the chief cities. We refer to the broadsides, sent gratuitously to hundreds of newspapers all over the country, containing arguments and statistics in a readily quotable form, which editors may republish if they choose, and which at all events are likely to set them to thinking. The plan is not very different from that of the broadside compilations of our monthly magazines, except that in the case of the Reform League no credit is demanded for the extracts. They are both a species of editing made easy; but good politics can be much more surely formed in this way than good literature or literary culture. Persons wishing to receive the Reform League's publications regularly can do so by annual subscription.

—We are constantly coming upon illustrations of "how the thing is done" in the matter of getting "notices of the press;" usually we say nothing about them. "But," as the country journals are apt to say, "this last is too good to keep." It consists of a notice of *Appleton's Journal* by a Western paper which makes considerable pretensions, and, in fact, is not bad as papers go. First comes the notice, all according to rule:

"*Appleton's Journal* has now reached its eighth number, and can be judged understandingly. Victor Hugo's story, 'The Man Who Laughs,' has a rich historic flavor, and is satirical on the British monarchy and nobility of a century and a half ago. The articles on scientific subjects are well written, and level to the popular comprehension; some of them are entitled 'Air and Thought,' 'Hereditary Genius,' 'The Physical Basis of Life.' The 'Table Talk' is very fresh and entertaining. There is a series of 'Sketches of Early Life in Boston,' which shows the queer crotchets that afflicted the Puritans. A department called 'The Museum' contains much curious and antiquarian gossip. Every number of the *Journal* has either a cartoon (or panoramic wood engraving), a steel-plate, or an illustrated supplement; one of the cartoons is 'The Levee at New Orleans,' one of the steel-plates is 'Noon on the Sea-shore,' and one of the supplements is 'Coal Mines and Miners'—the engravings in the latter are too horrifying. The paper and typography are superb. Published weekly by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at \$4 a year in advance, or ten cents a number."

Then in brackets follows this warning and reminder to the Harpers:

"[This *Journal* omitted to exchange with us, after asking and receiving a favorable notice in our columns for its "specimen number," and we know that notice was marked and carefully mailed to them. Such has been our experience with the Harpers, in at least two instances; but the Appletons, unlike their overpraised rivals, have now made the *amende honorable* by sending us all the numbers of the *Journal*. It will make an elegant as well as instructive bound volume.]"

Obviously a journal will not make "an elegant as well as instructive bound volume" if there are no copies on hand to be bound; and probably the Harpers may be of that opinion henceforth; we are very sorry that we have lost the paper's name, and thus lost the chance of watching its future reviews of the Harpers' books. But none of our readers need be at a loss for frequent examples of the sort of criticism exemplified by the words of criticism and confession we have quoted. The press teems with it, and a good number of our authors are utterly spoiled for real criticism, and resent it with a petulance that is childish, merely because they have been accustomed to laudation, partly deserved, but nevertheless wholly senseless as given. Worse than that, they have been partly spoiled for authorship. There are many Americans of real ability—some, we may say, of genius—who to-day are trying to do literary work that they are unfit for, and who are doing very badly the literary work for which they have marked fitness, merely because ever since they first ventured into print their own publisher at once entered into a conspiracy with the publishers of as

many newspapers as he could get hold of to prevent the saying to them of any but smooth things. Our authors have had to be their own critics—a real misfortune; and we may see that most of our very good work has been done by men who were even fastidious, perhaps a little morbidly fastidious, in their literary likings and dislikings. Without this fastidiousness, the clever American writer has too often been ignorantly ambitious, hasty, careless, and has had thousands to help him to be slovenly, to pour out everything there might be in him instead of painfully selecting, to do any and every kind of work instead of rigidly confining himself to what he could do best. Who cannot think of a witty, satirical social observer and theorizer who needs must make two or three volumes of seventh or eighth-rate verses? of another observer of men and manners who must attempt also the creation of characters and the construction of plots? A thousand or two papers, however, told each of them, on the appearance of each new book, that it made "an elegant as well as instructive bound volume."

—Hitherto the Harvard Commencement has been held three weeks or a month after the Class Day of the graduating class, and we suppose we may be pardoned for saying that usually it has been at least as dull as the seniors' holiday has been gay and interesting. This year there is to be a change for the better. The "exercises in the church," instead of being dragged out to a wearisome length, will be comparatively short, and probably the speaking will be worth hearing. There will at any rate be less of it; for of all the essays and orations which the leading scholars of the senior class have prepared only eight are to be delivered, and an hour and a half, or an hour and three-quarters, will cover the whole time of delivery. Then, too, efforts will be made to make the Commencement dinner a somewhat livelier affair than it has been apt to be in former years. The executive committee of the Association of Harvard Alumni have in their hands the decision of the question whether or not there shall be a dinner; and they have decided that Mr. Eliot's having been elected president, and a career of enlarged usefulness having been just newly opened before the university, it will be as well not to wait till the Memorial Hall is ready, but to get together as many graduates as possible and celebrate the occasion. The 29th of June is to be the day; the Hon. William Gray is to preside; Attorney-General Hoar will be present, and may be expected to speak, and so may Mr. George Hillard and other men of mark.

—Lovers of humor who do not know the *San Francisco News-Letter* and *California Advertiser* have something of a surprise to come in making the acquaintance of the "Town Crier" of that extremely lively journal. One main quality of the humorist—a Rabelaisian audacity which stands abashed at but very few things indeed—the "Town Crier" possesses in fulness; if he is not the most impudent and most irreverent person on the Pacific Coast, then he must have the steady assistance of his most admired friends and acquaintances, for a newspaper page that exhibits less respect for constituted authority of whatever kind than his page parades is not printed in English, so far as we are aware, nor in any other language. What the clergymen of San Francisco think of him only they could tell; he is never more abandoned and seldom seems more cheerful—though he is very frequently more to be admired—than when he is addressing some clerical gentleman with impudence equal to that of a Parisian *gamin*. With the San Francisco editors he takes as great liberties as he allows himself in the case of the clergymen, and as for the members of the city government, from the policemen up, he is what municipal authorities this side of the Plains would consider scurrilously libelous. Exactly what is the standing of the *News-Letter* as a journal, we do not know; it looks very prosperous, however, and although it contains little of what is known as "editorial matter," it manifestly is edited not only with careful attention, but with much more than the usual intelligence. How, then, with these several evidences of "respectability," it can allow itself such license, is a question which somewhat puzzles the Eastern reader, and is unanswerable except by persons who know California better than we. It is not persons alone that are addressed with a hardihood apparently limited by no feelings of awe or respect, and even by no considerations of prudence, but also perfectly careless hands are laid on all institutions, social, political, or other, which may happen to attract the "Town Crier's" attention. Very often there is nothing to be said in his favor; he is frequently not bold merely but recklessly flippant and outrageously scurrilous, and anything but delicately decorous in his morality. He is much rather to be thought of as a personage to be looked at, and to be studied as a part of the Farthest West, than as a member of society to be praised. And perhaps, after all, he is more interesting as a

Californian social phenomenon than as a humorist, though, as it seems to us, a decided pleasure is certainly to be got from him in this latter capacity. We suppose a man is at all events a humorist—whether he is a great one or a small one, a success or a failure—when he produces things like this:

"The world makes few graver mistakes than in supposing a man must necessarily possess all the cardinal virtues because he has a big dog and some dirty children. We know a butcher on Kearny Street whose children are not merely dirty—they are fearfully and wonderfully besmirched by the hand of an artist. He has, in addition, a big dog with a tendency to drop, who flies at you across the street with such celerity that he outruns his bark by a full second, and you are warned of your danger only after his teeth are buried in your leg. And yet the owner of these children and father of this dog is no whit better, to all appearance, than a baker who has clean brats and a mild poodle. He is not even a good butcher; he hacks a spare-rib and lacerates a sirloin. He talks through his nose, which turns up to such an extent that the voice passes right over your head, and you have to get on a table to tell whether he is slandering his dead wife or swearing at yourself. If that man possessed a thousand young ones, exaltedly nasty, and dogs enough to make a sub-Atlantic cable of Bologna sausage, you would find it difficult to make us believe in him. In fact, we look upon the big-dog test of morality as a venerable mistake—natural but erroneous; and we regard dirty children as indispensable in no other sense than that they are universal."

It is coarse, and "it bears on hard" in places; and the exaggerated and grotesque are present in force sufficient to please the most British of students of "American humor, in which exaggeration is the principal ingredient;" but still the power of mental detachment and the intellectual playfulness which are chief characteristics of all humorists, are as truly visible, if they are not so manifest, in this chance-begotten "item" as in the masterpiece of Cervantes. And when there is such a sense of fun as this writer displays in his weekly work—from which we do not quote any more, as justice is not done him by brief quotation—it is not easy to believe that we might not also find a degree of that power of spiritual sympathy conjoined with intellectual playfulness which is at the bottom of the performances of the humorists most admired, and to whom the name of humorist should perhaps be preferably given. But however that may be, half a loaf is bread if it is not a whole loaf, and is satisfactory as food whatever we may say about its completeness and perfection; and we are persuaded that our anonymous Californian friend will at least be enjoyed by all lovers of the humorous who read what he writes, though perhaps there are not many even of such persons who will feel compelled to commend him except for his humor—unless, indeed, for his strong sense, when he chooses to exercise it; and his courage; and some of his good theory, which is better than some of his practice; and his apparent capacity for despising some things more "respectable" than really respected.

—A very old name has just reappeared in literature. George Paleolog, a descendant of the brother of the last Emperor of Constantinople, has published at St. Petersburg a book entitled "Notes on Contemporary Questions in Russia." It is well written, and will be appreciated by such political students as Mr. Grant Duff.

—In estimating the relative importance of the literary activity of the nineteenth century, stress has often been laid on the resuscitation of buried and unknown ancient literatures, as, for example, in Finland. But the creation of new literatures deserves no less remark. The modern Finnish and Serbian literatures, and the Russian literatures, are conspicuous examples. Did any one ever hear of a Georgian literature? In the time of Queen Tamar, the only sovereign before Alexander II. who ever succeeded in collecting all the peoples of the Caucasus under one rule, literature and art flourished at Tiflis. But that time was long ago, and the manuscripts that were spared by the Persian incursions have till very recently been secreted in the monasteries. Now, Georgian literature has taken a new start, and the works of one writer are widely known in all that country. This is Prince George Eristavi. Mirza Schaffy would, perhaps, occur to every one as a more prominent example, but Mirza Schaffy never existed except in the fertile brain of the gifted Bodenstedt. Prince Eristavi was born in 1811, and was taught to read and write by his mother, an educated woman—a rare thing in those parts. At ten years old he went to the Tiflis Gymnasium, and soon was seized with a passion for verse-writing. He was subsequently sent to school at Moscow; afterwards, being implicated in the conspiracy of the Georgian princes, he was sent to Poland, where he studied Polish, learned Mickiewicz by heart, and even wrote a poem, "The Maniac," in Polish, which had a great success, and was circulated everywhere in manuscript. Some years after he returned to Georgia, and wrote the first Georgian comedy,

"The Decision," which was represented at the Tiflis Gymnasium by amateurs in 1850. It was received with a fury of enthusiasm, its expressions passed into proverbs, and many Georgians even now know it by heart from beginning to end. Eristavi then set about founding a national theatre—"a thing not witnessed since the time of Noah," as Count Sollogul says. He had, however, some difficulty, as few of his actors could read, and as he had to write all the pieces himself. He wrote more than thirty plays—comedies, dramas, and vaudevilles—some of them of excellence, as well as a comedy in Russian, which was acted at Tiflis. Among his poetic works the best are his satires, the translations from Mickiewicz, and "The Wanderer." He also founded the first Georgian journal, the *Daven*, which he edited from 1852 to 1854. It still exists. Eristavi himself died in 1864. His example has been followed by others, and the Georgian theatre is now an institution at Tiflis.

—Concerning Vámbéry, who for years has been busily employing his pen warning the English against the dangers to their Asiatic possessions arising from the advance of the Russians in Central Asia, we have received the following—from what we should call a Philo-Russian source:

"It seems as if Vámbéry's travels would have to be classed with the African adventures of Le Vaillant, as a work either wholly or in great part of fiction. The Royal Geographical Society of London, which at first patronized Vámbéry, now says that too much confidence must not be placed on what he says. The Berlin geographers go further, and say that there is nothing in his books which has not been taken from others or else invented. It is said that the best motto for his book is his own words: 'I got out of the affair only by my coolness—I mean my effrontery—and the suppleness of my tongue.' Vámbéry is not even the Hungarian he pretends to be, but a Jew, whose real name is Bambarius. Russian embassies, with such geographers as Galkin and Khanikoff in their train, have been at Khiva and Bokhara previous to Vámbéry's journey, and have given many valuable details on those countries. Khanikoff especially, to whom Vámbéry does not allude, even gave plans of the cities of Bokhara and Samarkand. Since the capture of Samarkand by the Russians, there have been several detailed descriptions of that city, written by travellers, which contradict Vámbéry in nearly every respect. He confuses the palace and citadel; he describes the 'green stone' of Timour in a loose way—asserting that he saw it; Gen. Kaufmann says that it is not green at all, but that it is covered by an ornamental slab of marble placed there by a succeeding caliph; and Kostenke, writing from Tashkend, denies other parts of the description of the hall. The details about the Koran written by Osman, the third—and not the second—caliph, are also incorrect. It is kept in a different place, and is written on rice-paper. The interview of Vámbéry with the Emir is also probably imaginary. All Mussulmans are obliged to fall on the ground before him, and not even to look him in the face. The reception of the Russian ambassadors in 1866 was equally humiliating; and then the Emir only came and looked through a window, as strangers were not allowed to enter the same room with him. In general, Vámbéry has greatly exaggerated the difficulties of travelling in Central Asia. Russian merchants, speaking Tartar incorrectly and known to be foreigners, have travelled freely everywhere with moderate precautions, and say that robbery and violence on the roads are things unknown. Khudoff even in 1866 was in Kokand, which was then more dangerous than Samarkand; and Medyntzeff went there alone twice in 1867. Vámbéry's book is full of the clanking of the chains of the captives among the Turkomans; but the Turkoman tribes are well known by the Russian officers and geographers to have no iron and very little wood; if chains were used for the captives, they were probably leather thongs or cords of twisted wool. It, however, must be admitted that Vámbéry has very well got up his subject, and that he can talk intelligently on Central Asiatic affairs. His knowledge and his skill are, however, now chiefly used in endeavors to stir up a strife between Russia and England."

Before adopting as our own this opinion of the merits of Vámbéry's "Travels," we shall have to learn in what terms the Royal Geographical Society expresses its modified view of the formerly patronized traveller; who "the Berlin geographers" are who go so much further in repudiating his authority; and whether the new (Russian) descriptions of Samarkand, and the sayings about it, do not emanate from persons who have national prejudices to subvert in undermining the credit of a celebrated anti-Russian writer. We, on our part, have as yet met with hardly any indication of a growing disbelief on the part of English, French, or German writers in the correctness of the Hungarian traveller's accounts of Central Asia. On the contrary, we find him often quoted as an authority by authors and publicists of merit. The *Leipzig Unserer Zeit*, and other journals of good reputation, publish his latest communications in foreign languages. On the other hand, we are far from denying that the whole tenor of Vámbéry's narrative of his travelling adventures has laid him open to the suspicion of a want of veracity. He who, without necessity, enters upon a course where lying and effrontery are the chief means of safely getting through, can hardly expect to be implicitly believed when relating the story of his adventures. As regards his nationality, the Russian critics have evidently been carried too far by their animosity against the un

friendly Hungarian. Vámbéry, who never denied having been a Jew—we believe him now to be neither Jew nor Christian nor Mussulman—or having changed his name from Bamberger—not “Bambarius”—into the more sonorous Magyar trisyllable he now bears, is just precisely “the Hungarian he pretends to be.” He is a native of Hungary—of the Magyar town of Szerdahely, near the Danube—has received his education in Hungary, is a Magyar scholar, and a member of the Hungarian Academy—a literary body, by-the-by, which contains more than one member of non-Magyar blood bearing an adopted Magyar name. The veteran secretary of the Academy himself, Francis Toldy—the greatest literary historian of Hungary—originally bore the German name of Schedel. The lexicographer and grammarian Balagi—originally Bloch, and a Jew—is another instance. Hungary’s greatest literary name, Petöfi, is a Magyar modification of the Servian Petrovich. Few persons, we presume, this side of Russia would now be inclined to exclaim, speaking of Meyerbeer: “He was not even the German he pretended to be—he was a Jew, whose real name was Beer;” or of Halévy: “He was not the Frenchman he pretended to be, but a Jew, of the house of Levy.” In the eyes of “Orthodox” and Philo-Slavic Russian critics, Vámbéry labors under the triple disadvantage of being a Jew, a Magyar, and a friend of England.

—Those interested in the history and progress of Babism will find a résumé of the subject, based on the very latest intelligence and appreciation of this remarkable sect, in the newest issue of *Zell’s Universal Cyclopædia, sub verbo*. As this important work progresses in monthly parts, we have been pleased to see other evidences of a purpose to keep the articles abreast with the knowledge of the present time; and, although there must needs be more or less coming short of this standard amid the numberless particulars of such a combination of dictionaries, the spirit in which the cyclopædia is edited is what it should be, and the errors are, as we pointed out in our review of it, comparatively few and inconsiderable.

—The international convention which met at Geneva in 1864 sought, it will be remembered, to mitigate the horrors of war by obtaining protection, as neutrals, for non-combatants expressly organized to relieve the wounded on the field of battle, and distinguished by a uniform and appropriate insignia. This humane principle has meantime received an extension—at least, its extension is strongly desired—so as to embrace engagements by sea. But as the want of data from recent experience is seriously felt, the Prussian Central Committee proposes prize essays (of one hundred louis) on the following topics: (1) Under what circumstances, in what mode, and with what success has private philanthropy already attempted, in naval engagements, to contribute to the rescue of the shipwrecked and the care of the sick and wounded of the hostile fleets? (2) By what expansion and on what conditions can the [land] Aid Commissions propose this problem to themselves with a prospect of success? (3) What preparation is necessary in peace to solve it according to the claims of humanity? (4) How far may the solution of it be furthered and secured by establishing closer relations between the Aid Commissions for the care, on the field, of sick and wounded soldiers, and the existing associations for the rescue of shipwrecked mariners? The writers for the prize, say the committee, should consult and bear in mind the point of view set forth in the proceedings of the international conference at Berlin, April 23, 1869, a report of which will be sent on application to the office of the Prussian Central Committee, No. 4 Linksstrasse, Berlin. The essays may be written in English, French, or German, and must be anonymous, with a motto attached. A sealed envelope bearing this motto must accompany the essay and contain the writer’s name and address. The essays will be due at the above office by May 1, 1870, at the latest, and the prize, as determined by a jury, will be awarded September 30. The successful writer may publish his essay, if he choose, within six months from the award; if he neglects to do so, the right will then vest in the committee. We need not dwell on the peculiar advantages which we Americans have had for gaining and for giving information on the topics proposed for discussion.

LECKY’S HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS.*

MR. LECKY’S books are remarkable in themselves, and remarkable in an even higher degree as illustrating the change which has in recent years come over the tone of English literature. The title of his former work upon “the rise and influence of rationalism” suggests one of the most marked tendencies of the time, of which Mr. Lecky is himself a conspicu-

ous example. Twenty, or even ten, years ago the same books would have called forth fierce denunciation. The opinions which he avows are far more radically opposed to the orthodox schools than those which, when enunciated by Bishop Colenso or the writers of “Essays and Reviews,” excited a kind of universal shudder. They remind us more naturally of Mr. Buckle than of any recent writer. The smallness of the sensation produced by Mr. Lecky is due partly to the facts that he is by no means comparable to Mr. Buckle in vigor of thought, and that he does not occupy the official position which rendered episcopal heresies doubly startling to the clerical world. Yet this is not enough to explain the favor with which his writings have been received by the most respectable part of the English press. Scarcely a stone has been cast at him; no voice is raised to warn the public against the pernicious tendencies of his teaching; and a writer who explains the rise of Christianity with the same calmness with which he would account for Mormonism or Mohammedanism is admitted, without a protest, to all the honors of high literary rank. This toleration is undoubtedly due in part to the absence from Mr. Lecky’s nature of anything approaching to bitterness or direct hostility to orthodox opinion. He is remarkable for a singular tolerance, which at times amounts almost to weakness. He shows no traces of the old Voltairian hostility to accepted theory; he is no iconoclast; and, if he does not worship at the ancient shrines, treats them with sincere respect, and shows a generous appreciation of their claims upon our respect. In this he conforms to the best school of modern thinkers, who are sufficiently free from revolutionary passion to regret the spirit of wholesale desecration which animated the freethinkers of the last century, and who are anxious to recognize fully and frankly whatever was good in the past. It is evident that this mental attitude towards the old theology so far harmonizes with the general tone of thought amongst the upper classes in England that a very able expositor of its consequences excites no real opposition. Mr. Lecky’s book is not too strong meat for their digestion. They have become perfectly accustomed to a school of thought which a few years ago would have startled them out of their propriety. Any one who has observed the opinions expressed with perfect impunity by the writers in the *Fortnightly Review*, and by such distinguished thinkers as Mr. Mill, Professor Huxley, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, will perceive that Mr. Lecky, in spite of his very free dealing with orthodox notions, is by no means an advanced type of English opinion. Those who have recently visited the English universities, or mixed with the liberal part of English society, will agree that he is more likely to be accused of mildness than of extravagance in his views. Indeed, he appears to believe in God and in a future life.

It is impossible, in the narrow space of a review, to give any adequate idea of the scope of Mr. Lecky’s argument. Probably the best plan would be simply to reprint his index; but as that might prove dry reading, and would be an apparent evasion of the judicial duties, we will advise our readers to consult the book itself, and will refrain from stating his argument at length. In a few words, however, we may indicate its principal points. Mr. Lecky begins with a discussion of the rival merits of the utilitarian and intuitional schools of morality. He next proceeds to describe very shortly the tendencies of paganism, and dwells at some length upon the great moral schools, and especially upon the Stoics. He explains the causes which restrained the practical influence of these schools upon the mass of the people, and then, in a very remarkable chapter, which may be considered as a pendant to the famous chapters in Gibbon, proceeds to account for the conversion of the Empire to Christianity. He next treats at considerable length of the good and evil results of the mediæval style of excellence. The merits of Christianity and of the Church in the dark ages are freely acknowledged, though Mr. Lecky takes some pains to prove that they have been unduly credited with benefits resulting from very different agencies. He insists, also, with much vigor, upon the many evils connected with asceticism, and upon the total disregard for truth which he holds to have been characteristic of the Church in its most flourishing period. On the whole, he is distinctly hostile to the attempts which have been made alike by Catholics and Positivists to exalt the merits of the mediæval church. In a final chapter, he deals with the position of women, and the position given in opinion and practice to chastity and the allied virtues. From this exceedingly brief sketch, or, rather, hint at the general design, of the book, it will be seen that Mr. Lecky covers a very wide area, and plunges into some very profound enquiries. Those who have read his book on rationalism will be prepared to expect a very graceful style, chargeable at worst with a certain excess of sweetness and deficiency of vigor, and a narrative always picturesque and flowing, but occasionally wanting in concentration. They will, we think, admit that the present book

* “History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne. By W. E. H. Lecky.” New York: D. Appleton & Co.; London: Longmans. 2 vols. 1869.

is a decided improvement on its predecessor. Mr. Lecky, though a young man, is obviously a man of great learning; he is full of delicate perception and quick sympathy with various modes of thought; and he shows a width of toleration which is worthy of all praise. Every intelligent reader, in fact, will follow his guidance with lively pleasure; and there are probably few who will not confess that their mental horizon has been extended by the process. But, on the other hand, it is impossible to say that Mr. Lecky shows much philosophical vigor, or that he occupies that commanding point of view which is necessary to give unity to so vast a subject and to reduce his generalizations to a coherent system.

This weakness is most evident in the opening chapter upon different theories of morality. It is, we think, perfectly clear that Mr. Lecky does not understand the opinion which he undertakes to refute; or, to say the least, that he attacks it not in its strongest, but in its weakest shape. Mr. Lecky, for example, persistently argues on the supposition that the utilitarian theory implies that every man is to act simply with a view to his own personal interests. With an arrogance very unusual in him, he ventures flatly to contradict one of the most eminent of modern reasoners upon this point, and talks about the "transparent sophistry" of an argument which he entirely fails to understand. After quoting Mr. Austin's words, "The question is, if acts of this kind were generally done, or generally forborne or omitted, what would be the probable effect on the general happiness or good?" Mr. Lecky proceeds: "The question is nothing of the kind. If I am convinced that ability alone constitutes virtue, and if I am meditating a particular act, the sole question of morality must be whether that act is on the whole useful and produces a net result of happiness." The question, if we may venture to retort upon Mr. Lecky, is nothing of the kind. The uniform definition of virtue given by Bentham, Mill, and Austin, and every modern utilitarian, is precisely that implied in the quotation which Mr. Lecky attacks. The test of the morality of an action, according to them, is its conformity to certain rules—those rules being such as tend, in the common phrase, to produce "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." The rule against murder is founded on the fact that murder, if generally practised, would diminish the sum of happiness. A particular murder might increase it; but it would still be a criminal act, because it would be against the general rule. What Mr. Lecky calls a "transparent sophistry," repeated *ad nauseam* by utilitarians, is in fact their fundamental principle, laid down and illustrated by every sound thinker of the school. He has, as will be seen, fallen into the too common blunder of confounding the test of morality with the motive which is supposed to induce men to be moral. Mr. Lecky might fairly ask utilitarians by what sanction they expect to enforce morality; but he is falling into a "transparent sophistry" when he assumes that they would answer that the sanction is the selfish interest of the individual.

The misconception will be made clearer by another argument of Mr. Lecky's. It is a common argument against the intuitional school that as the standard of morality varies at every age, we cannot suppose that the truths which it embodies are necessary and self-evident. A savage thinks it quite right to kill another savage in order to deprive him of a deer. Therefore the rule, Thou shalt do no murder, cannot be evident to the intelligence of the savage. But, replies Mr. Lecky, even in that case the duty is recognized, though it is restricted. The mind already "recognizes the unselfish and benevolent motives as essentially and generically superior to the selfish and cruel." No utilitarian would think of disputing this; of course the savage, and even the animal, have certain rudimentary instincts, which, as society progresses, are developed into the highest virtues of civilization. The fact that there are such instincts explains the mode by which a moral code comes to have some binding force on mankind. Mr. Lecky obviously supposes that utilitarians disbelieve in the existence of unselfish instincts; on the contrary, they affirm them as essential parts of their scheme. What they deny is, that mankind have an *a priori* perception of certain general truths, and can affirm them independently of experience. In their view, moral truths, like all others, are discovered by the slow progress of observation and inductive reasoning; but that they are founded upon the existence of benevolent instincts is admitted by everybody. If all that Mr. Lecky does with his moral sense, when he has got it, is to affirm that in a general way benevolence is more virtuous than its opposite, the utilitarians will make no objection to his doctrine; they will only add that it is perceived to be better because it obviously increases the general happiness of mankind. To take a parallel case, Mr. Mill asserts that even mathematical truths, such as the axioms of Euclid, are learnt by experience, not by intuition. It would in no way combat this theory to show that even savages have a dim perception that parallel lines will never

meet. Mr. Lecky would apparently argue that Mr. Mill denies not only that these truths are founded on intuition, but even that men have intellects fitted to discover them. In short, he is beating the air throughout this chapter, and combating the theories, not of Bentham or Austin, but of some such exploded and paradoxical writer as Mandeville.

We will not go further into an argument which is, after all, irrelevant to the main purpose of Mr. Lecky's book. We have noticed it because it will indicate at once to persons conversant with such matters a certain weakness in Mr. Lecky's speculative powers. Taken by itself, however, it gives a very unfair impression of his ability. He is not a very clear or accurate thinker, and many of the generalizations which he throws out at random seem to be ill-digested and very slightly connected. Thus, in the middle of his second volume, he suddenly notices what he calls "one of the great landmarks of moral history" hitherto unmentioned by historians. This is the fact, that whereas the utilitarian spirit was formerly hostile to political activity, it has now become "one of the most active and influential elements of political progress;" whereas the reverse change has taken place in the opposite school. This is a striking, and may be a true, remark; but a man who stopped to assimilate what he had learnt would scarcely throw it out as a kind of *obiter dictum*, and tack it roughly on to a disquisition of not very obvious relevancy. He should have brought it into relation with other truths; have considered how far it was well founded; at what time the change took place; how it is to be accounted for; and have worked it into the substance of his book. Coming upon it disconnectedly, and without any reference to it before or afterwards, it gives us an unpleasant impression of a want of thoroughness. It seems as if Mr. Lecky was more anxious to make a brilliant generalization than to satisfy himself of its validity or to pursue it into its consequences. In fact, it looks rather as if he had kept a commonplace-book, put down any reflections that occurred to him, and then turned them loose upon society without due preparation.

Yet, after all deductions are made, Mr. Lecky's book is really a remarkable production. It is full of brilliant suggestions, and opens many lines of thought even when it does not thoroughly follow them out. To illustrate its method, we will give a short account of what is in some respects its most important chapter, that on the conversion of Rome. Mr. Lecky begins by remarking on the singular indifference of the Pagan writers to the change which was going on before their eyes. Down to the very eve of the triumph of the Church, amongst a crowd of details as to the dresses, games, vices, and follies of the court, the numerous writers of the period only give us six or seven short notices of the religion which was transforming the world. He proceeds to show with much force that there is no real ground for the common hypothesis that the later moralists show traces of Christian influence. The approximation of opinion, which is in some cases evident, was obviously due to more general causes, and not to any conscious borrowing. How, then, did Christianity penetrate the Empire, as it were, by a kind of subterranean burrowing? The notion that it influenced the philosophic classes is absurd. Was it by the direct influence of miraculous proofs? To meet this question, Mr. Lecky diverges at some length into the general question of the evidence of the miraculous. Miracles, he says, are not impossible in the sense that spiritual beings of powers far exceeding our own may occasionally interfere in the world. Nor do we disbelieve them from want of such evidence as would be sufficient to establish facts of an ordinary kind. At the same time, educated people have entirely given up all faith in the existence of the miraculous. In spite of the assertion of Tacitus and Suetonius, we refuse altogether to believe that Vespasian cured a blind man by a word. And the decay of belief is due in a general way to the progress of physical science and the consequent revelation of what the Duke of Argyll has called the "reign of law." This, however, is an entirely modern feeling. Down to the Revolution of 1688, it was believed by educated people in England that the king had the power of curing scrofula by a touch. Learned books were written, and much evidence adduced, in support of the notion. It disappeared rapidly, not by force of argument, but under the weight of the general presumption against the miraculous amongst the thinkers of the eighteenth century. Now, in the Roman Empire these conditions were reversed. Everybody believed in miracles. Augustus begged through the streets in obedience to a dream. Earthquakes and thunderstorms were held to be ominous, even by scientific observers. Pliny, after an eloquent eulogy on the great men who had freed us from superstition by explaining eclipses, proceeds to declare that comets were undoubtedly ominous. Every philosopher was held to be a magician. Apollonius, of Tyana, raised the dead and healed the sick. Apuleius, though he expressly disclaimed it,

was credited with the same power. Porphyry expelled demons; Iamblichus was raised from the ground when he prayed. The oracles were held to be supernatural not only by the Pagans, but throughout the Middle Ages.

Mr. Lecky characteristically evades any inference as to the truth of the Jewish stories; but he says very forcibly that when there was such a predisposition to the miraculous, the claim of miraculous power could exercise little influence. In fact, none of the early apologists, except Arnobius, give the miracles any prominent place in their arguments. The miracles with which the writings of the fathers are filled were worked "for the exclusive edification of confirmed believers." The only exception is the remarkable one of exorcism, which is easily explicable by the natural influence upon lunatics and epileptics of imposing ceremonies. Even this died away when power to exorcise was limited to bishops by a wise decision of the Church. Hence it is impossible to suppose that miracles did much to convert people who were perfectly ready to accept the fact and deny the inference. The world was held to be full of miracles, and the possession of miraculous power only indicated the interference of some demon, good or bad. The causes of the conversion, says Mr. Lecky, "were the general tendencies of the age. They are to be found in that vast monument of mingled scepticism and credulity, in that amalgamation or dissolution of many creeds, in that profound transformation of habits, of feelings, of ideas," which he has described in the preceding chapter. He shows how Oriental religions were swarming in every part of the Empire; how specially fitted were the doctrines of Christianity to satisfy the feelings of mankind; and, after an eloquent passage upon this topic, declares emphatically that "the conversion of the Roman Empire is so far from being of the nature of a miracle or suspension of the ordinary principles of human nature, that there is scarcely any other great movement on record in which the causes and effects so manifestly correspond." The marvellous efflorescence of Greek art and the permanent success of Mohammedanism are, he says, events far more inexplicable. He carefully explains, however, that he is not speaking of the rise of Christianity in Judea, but of its subsequent success in the Roman Empire.

There is still the argument that Christianity must have been miraculously aided to surmount the Roman persecutions. After an interesting discussion as to the causes of that persecution, showing incidentally that it did not imply generally a disposition to crush the rising creed, but a desire to meet certain collateral results, he gives a history of the persecutions, showing that as a fact they were neither frequent nor intense enough to be seriously dangerous. In this part of his subject he is chiefly following the steps of Gibbon, though in a less hostile spirit, and, it need not be added, with less historical power.

The outline we have given will show, though imperfectly, how many matters come within the scope of the book, but cannot show how much learning is brought to bear upon them, and with how much spirit the discussion is conducted. He avoids, as will be remarked, some delicate topics, although the tendency of his remarks is sufficiently obvious. We have had too many histories which are simply vast accumulations of facts; amorphous masses, scarcely even arranged in intelligible order. It is time that writers of a different class should begin to breathe a little life into these dry bones, and from bare records of battles and dynasties draw a few of the conclusions which alone can make history valuable. We cannot conscientiously say that Mr. Lecky discharges this duty in a thoroughly philosophical spirit; but he at least does much to stimulate thought and to prepare the way for more powerful intellects. The philosophy of religion, as founded upon historical enquiry, will not, it is probable, be explained in our time; but we may perhaps say that Mr. Lecky and writers of his stamp are sketching preparatory studies, from which the great artist of the future may derive assistance in composing a satisfactory whole. Humbler people may be content with the conclusion that Mr. Lecky has written a singularly interesting and suggestive book.

COLERIDGE'S LIFE OF KEBLE.*

SIR JOHN COLERIDGE, the writer of this "Life of Keble," was for many years one of the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, is now a Privy Councillor, and may be regarded almost as the lay head of the High Church party in England. Sharing Keble's opinions, and entering into all his feelings, he is at the same time himself always a man of the world and a man of sense. Add to these qualifications his intimate and lifelong friendship with the subject of his work, and we have reason to expect a

biography at once appreciative and judicial. Such a biography, in fact, we have; one full of sympathy, yet free from exaggeration, and a good lesson to biographers in general. The intimacy of the friendship between the writer and his subject might have interfered with his impartiality and repelled our confidence if the case had been more complex and had made greater demands on the inflexibility of the judge. But in the case of a character and a life so perfectly simple, pure, and transparent as the character and the life of Keble, there was but one thing to be said.

The author of "The Christian Year" was the son of a country clergyman of the Church of England, and was educated at home by his father, so that he missed, or, as he would probably have said himself, escaped, the knowledge of minds differently trained from his own which a boy cannot help picking up at an English public school. At a very early age he became a scholar of Corpus Christi, a very small and secluded college of the High Church and High Tory University of Oxford. As the scholarships led to fellowships—the holders of which were required to be in holy orders—and to church preferment, almost all the scholars were destined for the clerical profession. Of Keble's student friendships one only seems to have been formed outside the walls of his own college, and this was with Miller, a student of Worcester College, who afterwards became a High Church clergyman. Among the students destined for the Anglican priesthood in the Junior Common Room of Corpus Christi College, there was indeed one whose presence strikes us like the apparition of Turnus in the camp of Æneas—Thomas Arnold. Arnold was already Arnold, and he succeeded in drawing the young champions of the divine right of kings and priests into a struggle against the divine right of tutors, which "secured the liberty of the subject" at Corpus—the question at issue between the subject and the ruler being by which of two clocks, one of which was always five minutes before the other, the recitations should begin. The friendship between Arnold and Keble, however, was merely personal; Arnold evidently never exercised the slightest influence over Keble's mind; and even in this "great rebellion"—the only rebellion, great or small, of his life—Keble was induced to take part, as he has expressly recorded, at the instigation of Coleridge, a middle term between Arnold and himself. The college teachers were all clergymen; and the university curriculum in their days was regulated and limited by clerical ascendancy, and consisted of the Aristotelian and Butlerian philosophy, classics, and pure mathematics, without modern history or physical science. The remarkable precocity of Keble's intellect enabled him to graduate with the highest honors both in classics and mathematics at an age almost miraculously early, even making allowance for the comparative youthfulness of students in general in those days. He was at once elected a Fellow of Oriel, and translated to the Senior Common Room of that College—another clerical society consisting of men for the most part considerably his seniors, among whom, in spite of the presence of Whately, High Church principles probably predominated even at that time, and were destined soon to predominate in the most extreme sense, for the college presently became the focus of the Ritualistic and Romanizing movement. Thus, up to twenty-three, Keble's life had been that of a sort of acolyte, not ascetic (for his nature appears to have been always genial and mirthful), but entirely clerical in its environments and its aspirations. At twenty-three he took orders, and put round his neck, with the white tie of Anglican priesthood, the Thirty-nine Articles, the whole contents of the Anglican Prayer-Book, and all the contradictions between those two standards of belief. For some time he held a tutorship in his college; then he went down to a country living in the neighborhood of a cathedral city, where he spent the rest of his days. His character was so sweet and gentle that he could not fail to be naturally disposed to toleration. He even goes the length of saying that some profane libellers whom his friend Coleridge was going to prosecute, were not half so dangerous enemies to religion as some wicked worldly-minded Christians. But it is no wonder, and implies no derogation from his charity, that he should have regarded the progress of opinions different from his own as a mediæval monk would have regarded the progress of an army of Saracens or a horde of Avars. All his poetic sympathies could not hinder him from disliking the rebel and Puritan Milton.

Thus it was impossible that he should be in a very broad sense a poet of humanity. His fundamental conception of humanity was essentially mediæval; his ideal was that of cloistered innocence, or, still better, the innocence of untampered and untried infancy. For such perfection his "Lyra Innocentium" was strung. When his friend is thinking of the profession of the law, he conjures him to forego the brilliant visions which tempted him in that direction for "visions far more brilliant and

* "The Life of Keble. By Sir John Coleridge." London. 1869.

more certain too; more brilliant in their results, inasmuch as the salvation of one soul is worth more than the framing the Magna Charta of a thousand worlds; more certain to take place, since temptations are fewer and opportunities everywhere to be found." These words remind us of a passage in one of Massillon's sermons, preached on the delivery of colors to a regiment, in which the preacher, after dwelling on the hardships and sufferings which soldiers are called upon to endure, says that a small portion of those hardships and sufferings, undergone in performance of a monastic vow, would merit the kingdom of heaven. If souls are to be saved by real moral influences, Sir John Coleridge has probably saved a good many more souls as a religious judge and man of the world than he would have saved as the rector of a country parish; and if character is formed by moral effort, he has probably formed a much higher character by facing temptation than he would have done by flying from it.

Whatever of grace, worth, or beneficence there could be in the half-cloistral life of an Oxford fellow of those days, or in the rural and sacerdotal life of a High Church rector, there was in the life of Keble at Oriel and afterwards at Hursley. The best spirit of such a life, together with the impression of a character rivalling in spiritual beauty, after its kind, that of Ken or Leighton, is found in Keble's poetry, and for this we may be, as hundreds of thousands have been, thankful.

The biographer declines to enter into a critical examination of the "Christian Year," but he confidently predicts its indefinite reign, founding his prediction on the causes of its original success. He justly describes it, in effect, as rather a poetic manual of devotion than a book of poetry for continuous reading. It is, in truth, so completely out of the category of ordinary poetry, that fairly to estimate its intrinsic merits would be a very difficult task. Sir John Coleridge indicates this, in fact, when he cites as an appropriate tribute to the merits of the book the practice of the Worcestershire clergyman who used, every Sunday afternoon, instead of a sermon, to read to his congregation the poem of the "Christian Year" for the day. Keble himself, as his biographer attests, had a very humble opinion of his own work, seldom read it, hated to hear it praised, consented with great difficulty to its glorification by sumptuous editions. It was his saintly humility, suggests the biographer, which made him feel that the book which flowed from his own heart would inevitably be taken for a faithful likeness of himself; thus he would be exhibiting himself in favorable colors, and be in danger of incurring the woe which had been pronounced on the good opinions of the world. If this account be true, it is another proof of the mediæval and half-monastic mould in which Keble's religious character was cast.

The comparative failure of the "Lyra Innocentium" is probably to be attributed not only to the difference of intrinsic merit, but to the fact that whereas the "Christian Year" has as little of a party character as any work of devotion written by an Anglican and High Church clergyman could have, the "Lyra Innocentium" was the work of a leading party man. The interval between the two publications had been filled by the great reactionary movement among the clergy which formed one of the back-streams to the current of political and intellectual progress which had begun to grow after the termination of the great French war, and came to a crisis in the Parliamentary Reform Bill of 1832. In this movement Keble was the associate of Hurrell Froude, Newman, Pusey, and other conspicuous "Tractarians." A sermon which he preached before the University of Oxford was regarded by Newman as the beginning of the movement. He contributed to the "Tracts for the Times," though as a controversialist he was never powerful; sweetness, not strength, being the characteristic of his mind. Keble had embraced, as it seemed to us, all the extreme and essentially Romanizing principles of the school. The posthumous alteration made in the "Christian Year" by his direction shows that he held a doctrine respecting the Eucharist not practically distinguishable from the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation. A poem intended to appear in the "Lyra Apostolica," but suppressed at the time in deference to the wishes of cautious friends, and now published by his biographer, proves that he was, as a Protestant would say, putting it plainly, an advanced Mariolater. He was a thoroughgoing sacerdotalist and believer in the authority of the Church in matters of opinion. He was always deploring the loss of auricular confession. He regarded the cessation of prayers for the souls of dead founders and benefactors as a lamentable concession to Protestant prejudice. Like his associates, he repudiated the very name of Protestant. He deemed the state of the Church of England, with regard to orthodoxy, most deplorable—"two prelates having distinctly denied an article of the Apostles' Creed," and matters going on altogether so that it was very difficult for "a Catholic

Christian" to remain in that communion. Why then did he not, with John Henry Newman, accept the logical conclusions of his premises, and go to the place to which his principles belonged? His was not a character to be influenced by any worldly motives, or by the sense of his own ecclesiastical position, which we suspect has sometimes had its influence in making Romanizing leaders of the Anglican clergy unwilling to merge their party and their leadership in the Church of Rome. There was nothing in his nature which would have recoiled from any self-abnegation or submission. The real answer is, we believe, that Keble was a married man. This it was, probably—not any distinction more or less supersubtle between Real Presence and Transubstantiation, or any misgivings as to the exact degree of worship to be paid to the Virgin, or doubts as to the limits of the personal infallibility of the Pope, or objections to practical abuses in the Church of Rome, which of course do not prevent her from being the true Church—which kept Keble, and which has kept hundreds of Romanizing Anglican clergymen, from becoming Roman Catholics. Nor is the reason, if analyzed, one of which their philosophy need be ashamed; for the claims of home and humanity are the best answer to the claims of the Church of Rome.

Keble stopped his ears with wax against the siren appeal of his seceding chief, John Henry Newman, and refused at first to read the "Essay on Development." When at last drawn into the controversy, he constructed for his own satisfaction, and that of other waverers who looked up to him for support and guidance, an argument founded on the Butlerian principle of probability as the guide of life. But Butler, with deference to his great name be it said, imports into questions of conscience and into the spiritual domain a principle really applicable only to worldly concerns. A man will invest his money, or take any other step in relation to his worldly affairs, if he thinks the chances are in his favor; but he cannot be satisfied with a mere preponderance of chances that he possesses vital truth and that he will escape everlasting condemnation.

It is singular, but consistent with our theory as to the real motive which tacitly prevented Keble from joining the secession, that he should have determined, if compelled to leave the Church of England (a contingency which, from the growth of heresy in that Church, he distinctly contemplated); to go not into the communion of the Church of Rome, but "out of all communion whatever." He would have gone, we suppose, into some limbo like the phantom Church of the Nonjurors. It is difficult to see how such a course can have logically commended itself to the mind of any member of the theological school which held that the individual reason afforded no standing-ground whatever, and that the one thing indispensable to salvation was visible communion with the true Church.

Sir John Coleridge deals with the question as to the posthumous alteration in "The Christian Year," the discovery of which caused so much scandal among its Protestant admirers, and brought to a stand, it was said, the subscription for a memorial college in honor of its author. It is made clearly to appear that the alteration was in accordance with Keble's expressed desire, and the suspicion which was cast upon his executors and those who were about him in his last moments is proved to be entirely unfounded. But, on the other hand, we cannot think that the biographer (or rather Keble, who speaks for himself in this matter) will be successful in convincing many people that the alteration was merely verbal. The mental interpolation of "only" after "not" in the words "not in the hands," is surely a *tour de force*; and it must be remembered that the passage occurs in the lines on the "Gunpowder Treason," and is evidently pointed against the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist. The Roman Catholics do not deny that the Eucharist is received "in the heart;" but the Protestants deny that it is received "in the hands" at all; and the vast majority of Keble's readers could not fail to construe the passage as an assertion of the Protestant doctrine. Sir John Coleridge does not face the real difficulty, because he does not give the two versions side by side, or exhibit the passage in its context. A more rational account of the matter is suggested by a letter of Keble, written when he was contemplating the publication of the "Lyra Innocentium," and included in the present memoir. In that letter he says:

"No doubt, there would be the difference in tone which you take notice of between this and the former book; for when I wrote that, I did not understand (to mention no more points) either the doctrine of Repentance or that of the Holy Eucharist as held, e. g., by Bishop Ken, nor that of Justification; and such points as these must surely make a great difference. But may it please God to preserve me from writing as unreal and as deceitfully as I did then; and if I could tell you the whole of my shameful history, you would join with all your heart in this prayer!"

The biographer, while he proves his integrity by giving us the letter,

of course protests against our taking seriously the self-accusations of a saint. We certainly shall not take seriously any charge of deceitfulness against Keble, whether made by himself or by any other human being; but he was liable, to a certain extent, like all other human beings, to self-deception. His opinions, like those of his associates, on theological questions in general and on the question of the Eucharist in particular, had been moving rapidly in a Romanizing direction during the interval between the publication of "The Christian Year" and that of the "Lyra Innocentium." In the passage just quoted, we see that he was conscious of this; but it was not unnatural that he should sometimes forget it, and that he should then put upon the words in "The Christian Year" a construction in conformity with his opinions as they were in their most advanced stage. It is strange, however, that he and the rest of his party, if they were even dimly and at intervals conscious of the fact that their own creed had undergone so much change, should still have been able to take the ground of immutability and infallibility in their controversies with other parties and sects.

It has been almost forgotten that Keble held for ten years a (non-resident) Professorship of Poetry at Oxford. His lectures were unfortunately written, as the rule of the Chair then was, in Latin. He thought of translating them, and Sir John Coleridge seems still to think that the task would be worth undertaking. For the examples, which are taken from the Greek and Latin poets, it would be necessary to substitute translations or examples taken from the modern poets. Mr. Gladstone chooses the apt epithet when he calls the lectures "refined"—refinement rather than vigor or depth was always the attribute of Keble's productions. His theory of poetry, however, as the vent for overcharged feelings or an imagination oppressed by its own fulness—as a *vis medica*, to use his own expression—if it does not cover the whole ground, deserves attention among other theories.

To the discredit, perhaps, rather of the dogmatic spirit than of either of the persons concerned, religious differences were allowed to interfere with the personal friendship formed in youth between Keble and Arnold. With this single exception, Keble's character in every relation—as friend, son, tutor, pastor—seems to have been all that the admirers of "The Christian Year" can expect or desire. The current of his life, but for the element of theological controversy and perplexity which slightly disturbed his later days, would have been limpid and tranquil as that of any rivulet in the quiet scene where the years of his Christian ministry were passed. He and his wife, the partner of all his thoughts and labors, and the mirror and partaker of the beauty of his character, died almost on the same day; she dying last, and rejoicing that her husband was spared the pain of being the survivor. Assuredly, it may be said of them if of any heirs of humanity—*requiescant in pace*.

MISS MARTINEAU'S BIOGRAPHIES.*

PERHAPS the most marked characteristic of this latest volume from Miss Martineau is its distinctly ethical style of biography. "What is the lesson taught by this man's life?" is a question which seems to have been constantly in the author's mind. Indeed, in a preface which she has written for the second English edition of the work, she admits that it was with forethought, and because she believed it to be the only true method, that she made her essays didactic; and she adds that, in her opinion, the popular approval which they have received is attributable to her chosen fashion of treatment. Doubtless we need not agree with her on this point. A volume full of biographies of eminent men and women, who, having died within the last quarter of a century, have not yet quite got into written history, but whose names have been in all our mouths, must be made very much inferior in several ways to these vigorous, sensible, honest, and instructive essays if it is to escape being welcomed and applauded by the public. Everybody is willing to read what one of their cleverest contemporaries—an old ally or antagonist of many of them; a close and acute observer of some of them; a person with excellent means of information—may say about such people as Hallam, Landor, De Quincey, Croker, Macaulay, Rogers, Charlotte Brontë, Lockhart, Whately, Brougham, Raglan, Denman, Lady Byron, Sir William Napier, Father Matthew, Joseph Hume, Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Newcastle, the Czar Nicholas, Metternich, and a dozen other persons equally well known in literary, political, military, and social life.

And as regards the first point above-mentioned—Miss Martineau's conception of true biography, as being above all things else ethically didactic—we may there also safely permit ourselves to hesitate before

assenting to her opinion. Few persons of judgment would disagree with her when she says: "To me it appears that persons of social prominence enough to be subjects of published biography have given themselves to society for better, for worse—not their deeds only, but themselves." Proverbial phrases are proverbially liable to abuse; the employment of them is so convenient a substitute for thought and argument that it is no wonder this should be so; but the proverb which directs us to speak only good of the dead is perhaps pre-eminent among its brethren for the amount of useless and bad work it has been compelled to perform. To the case of the newly dead, whose lives have for years been public property, so to speak, it may always be applied with some propriety. The history of nobody's life is a record of unmixed evil or unmixed good; and in the life of a distinguished man there has usually been exhibited some praiseworthy virtue, or, at any rate, some power and capacity which claim our admiration, and may claim our praise, as having increased or confirmed our pride in human nature. And usually for the sake of his surviving friends—to say nothing of the legitimate gratification of our own gentler or more amiable emotions—it is as well, while he is but just gone, not to lift up our voices among the mourners and bear testimony against him. However, the sin of harsh speaking over the corpse is not so common in the case of great men that an occasional rather stern disregard of the merciful precept may not be profitable; and Miss Martineau, if she seems a little hard sometimes, is nevertheless a just judge, so far as she sees—and she sees with exceptional clearness.

But her theory of biography we are disposed to think defective. The man whose life is written has some rights too, as well as we others who write it; and we submit that he has a right to complain if he is made a mere means of inculcating good advice and getting sound views as to this or that into the rest of us. Very able indeed the preacher ought to be who should take it into his hands to give a just description of a fellow-creature while at the same time taking him as a text with which to enforce certain doctrines dear to the heart of the minister and the congregation. Burns—to take the common test-case when discussions of this kind come up—seduced more women than one; was habitually a hard drinker; was not altogether cleanly in his writings any more than in his life; was not the best either of tenants or of husbands; was at times what might be called recklessly idle; and finally died in needless poverty, as well as prematurely, in consequence of sickness and disappointments which he may be said to have brought on himself by his indulgence of his passions and his lifelong carelessness and want of forethought. This is one side of the picture, and the poet should receive severe condemnation whenever his biography is written; he merits it; and we on our part need that it should be given by way of warning and example: *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a proverb that has no application here. But the Eastern proverb—which says that no man is a good man who, before he dies, has not made other men better—implicitly contains the complete justification of all the biographers who put Burns's faults and mistakes into the background, and demand that on the whole we should give him hearty praise and admiration. It must be far higher than ordinary ethical biography—as ethics are understood by the merely ethical—which in writing of Burns shall be either just to its subject or do its duty toward us who read. For what we want is the man, and not a sermon—be it never so useful—on his demerits; good biography is, in a sense, the best of sermonizing, but the reverse is not true; we desire to know what he was, what he counted for in his life, and what, as exactly as may be, he is now to us. And usually, if we are rather men and women than partisans of some kind, political, religious, or other—if we are intellectual beings eager for the truth concerning this or that fellow-being whose exceptional nature has made him an object of our curious regard, rather than eager for the advancement of some particular cause, perhaps even more eager for such truth than for the moral improvement of mankind—we shall find that the ethical biographer is not the one who has been most satisfactory in the long run. In the case of this book, it will be found, then, we think, that if any one considers it unsatisfactory, it will be for what it fails to do and not for anything that it does. Its faults are faults of defect; what it does say is usually admirable for clearness, force, and for its taking quality; we have not in a long time seen a book of biography which we found more easily readable. But that it always says enough—that its deficiency is not sometimes a great defect—no one, for instance, who knows what De Quincey was will not be forced to maintain very emphatically. That wonderfully subtle logician, deep student of philosophy, broad humorist, poetic and eloquent rhapsodist, delightful stylist, a most remarkable nature, is dismissed with a few words, mainly about his improvidence, his opium-eating, and his ill behavior to Miss

* "Biographical Sketches. By Harriet Martineau." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

Martineau's friends, the Wordsworths. This is good enough biography of the low ethical kind, but certainly it is bad biography of any very excellent kind; and Miss Martineau's theory, as exemplified in this case—it is an extreme case, we are bound to say—is seen very plainly to be faulty.

Hand-book of Chemistry, for School and Home Use. By W. J. Rolfe and J. A. Gillet, Teachers in the High School, Cambridge, Mass. (Boston: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. 1869.)—So long as the fashion holds of cramming the youthful mind with a mass of dry husks of scientific knowledge, instead of nourishing it with the digestible kernels suited to its years, books like this one will be written, and chemists and schoolboys will mourn. Yet the book, though not excellent, is meritorious in several respects, and is greatly to be preferred to many chemical text-books which find ready sale. But, after all, it is a book meant to be learned by heart, and it is in our judgment much better fitted to load the student's mind than to store or inform it. Learning by rote is an excellent thing in its place, in spite of the abuses to which it is liable. No matter how offensive the practice may seem to many progressive moderns, it is really valuable both as a kind of mental discipline and as a means of packing the mind with goods. The power of easily committing to memory things useful or beautiful is a distinct advantage to any man, no matter what his profession or trade may be. But chapters of dry chemical facts and generalizations are ill suited to strengthen or cultivate this faculty. The intelligent teacher in want of a stiffish and wholesome subject for his purpose, may be excused if he drop the chemistries and betake him to Lord Bacon's essays, to Ecclesiastes or the Book of Job.

Most of the statements and descriptions in the book are well and clearly written, and would doubtless be perfectly intelligible to an advanced chemical student; but they are much too concise and technical for beginners. In any subject which, like chemistry, has a special language and peculiar characters of its own, it is difficult to be concise without being technical, and impossible to be technical without being obscure to beginners. This fault of undue conciseness is conspicuous in the opening chapters. When, for example, the student is told on page 10 that, "according to the atomic theory, an atom of chlorine weighs 35.5 times as much as an atom of hydrogen; an atom of oxygen weighs 16 times as much as one of hydrogen; and an atom of nitrogen 14 times as much as one of hydrogen," without premonition or explanation of the manner in which these truths have been arrived at, there is no probability of the boy's comprehending the meaning of the statement, or gaining any just idea of that law of combining proportions which, more than anything else, distinguishes chemistry from the other sciences. On the other hand, too much importance is attached to the conception of an "element." At the best, the idea which chemists seek to express by this term is hypothetical, incidental, and provisional. The idea is by no means one of pre-eminent importance; yet it is apparently for the sake of defining it that the authors, upon the first page of their hand-book, plunge boldly into the analysis of a substance so unfamiliar to the student as muriatic acid. The supposition, or hope, that matters thus presented will be comprehended by the ordinary run of schoolboys can hardly be founded upon any wide experience in teaching science.

On the first and second pages of the book the tender mind of the beginner is presented with a perfectly inconclusive argument about the composition of muriatic acid. From a few rough and inadequate experiments the conclusion is drawn: "Muriatic acid, then, contains nothing but hydrogen and chlorine." That this conclusion is true, as a fact, only renders it the more probable that the boy's mind will be vitiated by the false logic. He will fail to perceive the insufficiency of the premises and the looseness of the reasoning. It would be very unfair, however, to imply that the little hand-book before us is more deficient in logical method than most manuals on scientific subjects. Unfortunately, the great bulk of text-books on natural and physical science are liable to the charge of habitually violating some of the simplest rules of sound reasoning. Impatience of close demonstration is not a fault of enthusiastic reformers and sentimental politicians alone. Partisans of the "new education" have here a hard nut to crack.

The book is, on the whole, commendably free from errors of fact. But we notice here and there loose and careless statements, such as might be made by a writer not practically familiar with the details of his subject. Thus, at the end of the list of names and symbols of the elements, the reader is urged to take notice "that in some cases the symbol is an abbreviation of the Latin name of the element." In reality, the rule that symbols are derived from the Latin names of the elements is a general rule, applicable in all cases. The authors meant, no doubt, to call attention to the fact that the Latin names of several of the elements differ widely from their English names. Again, on page 13, we are told that "SO₂ is often improperly called sulphurous acid." There is not the slightest objection to Messrs. Rolfe and Gillet's calling the gas produced when sulphur burns by the name *sulphurous anhydride*; but they err in condemning, in set terms, the name by which the gas in question is commonly known wherever the English language is spoken.

For our part, we have grave doubts as to the propriety of employing in any school-book terms so wholly technical and unusual as "ammonic nitrate" and "zincic sulphate" in alluding to substances so well known as nitrate of ammonia and sulphate of zinc. If the scanty stock of scientific knowledge which the average American boy can gain at his high school is to avail him anything in after-life, it must be connected or welded in some way with facts of everyday occurrence. When the dentists, doctors, painters, and apothecaries who use the salts in question begin to call them by their inverted names, and these names are met with in standard works of reference like Appleton's "Encyclopædia"—the chemistry of which is, by-the-by, excellent in the main—or the dictionaries of Ure and Brande, it will be time enough to use them in school-books prepared for the education of unprofessional persons. That the chemical notation which has been employed since the beginning of this century is now undergoing a change, is a fact exceedingly interesting and important to the professed student of chemistry, but of comparatively little significance to the school-boy. Hints of the changes which are likely to be adopted may very properly be suggested to the general student, but great care should be exercised that no meaningless word perplex or useless jargon repel him. We observe that the series of hand-books to which this chemistry belongs is rather ingeniously called "The Cambridge Course of Physics." Inattentive people might easily fall into the error of supposing that the university at Cambridge had something to do with them.

Three Thousand Miles through the Rocky Mountains. By A. K. McClure. (Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.)—Colonel McClure's work is made up of two series of letters written in 1867, as the author passed through Colorado, Utah, and Montana. Originally addressed, the one series to a newspaper in New York and the other to a periodical publication in Pennsylvania, the same incidents and descriptions are often repeated. At the time the letters first appeared, the actuality of many of their subjects (the great Indian outbreak was then raging) gave them an interest which is now dimmed and dulled by fresher accounts of later travellers.

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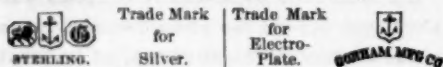
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